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FARM BUILDINGS.

NO. VIII.

BY WM. TWEEDDALE, C. E.

One of the greatest and most frequent mistakes made in building, is attempting to act compass too much with the means on hand for that purpose. It will not do to fix the size and quality of the house and also limit the amount to be expended, unless an exceptional knowledge of the cost of building is possessed. If the means are limited, so must be the building. Under ordinary circumstances it is not wise to attempt to get more for your money than it is worth. If you attempt to drive a hard bargain with the builder, the chances are that you, being the least skilled in building, will be the loser, either in the house not being what you wanted, or in having it altered to suit, its cost will be much greater than if built at first for a fair price. Build well what you do build, reducing the dimensions of the house if necessary, so as to come within your means, and trusting to future enlargement when better able.

There is occasion for the use of both study and experience in arranging the means at hand so as to meet, as fully as possible, the wants of the family, with a view to economize material in construction and at the same time avoid unnecessary expenditure of labor and time in the future. Every man, in building, sets out with the firm belief that he is able to build better and cheaper than any one who has preceded him, and as certainly knows, when finished, and it is too late, that he should have done differently.

Having determined the number and uses of the several apartments, they are to be combined and arranged with reference to communication between them, their expression and prospects, and the exterior shape of the edifice, the form of roof, spacing of windows, etc.

In designing a house, one not accustomed to such work will find that there are various and often conflicting purposes to be considered and difficulties to be overcome, which nothing short of experience will enable him to do. In the absence of this, it is well nigh impossible to lay down fixed rules. Still, some points may be given which will serve to judge of the merits of the different plans.

The several rooms should be compared with others of nearly the same size, used for similar purposes and furnished in nearly the same manner. Rooms when unfurnished and when furnished, seem to be of different dimensions, and a room which seems large for a bed-room, will appear small for a parlor. The size and shape of rooms must be regulated by the furniture they are to contain. Bed-rooms, besides room for bedsteads, should have space for such other furniture as their uses may require, and not interfere with the doors. The eating-room must, at least, have width for the table, chairs, and passage-way on each side. If the parlor is to have a piano, requisite space must be provided for it without interfering with the hearth or stove, doors, and important windows.

The apparent size of rooms is materially affected by their height. While some houses are uncomfortably low, others are rendered

cheerless by an unreasonable height. In addition to needless cost and injurious effect to the appearance of the house, it causes inconvenience in the stairways, increasing the labor of ascending, and occupying so much room as often to seriously interfere with doors and passages. When the rooms are not more than 16 feet in width, the height should not exceed 11 feet; while smaller rooms may range to 9 or even 8, below which they should never go, even in bed-rooms in an attic.

With amateurs in designing, the staircase is ridiculously considered subordinate, which may be crowded into any unoccupied corner. In a good staircase the steps should be broad and not too high, with head-room sufficient for the tallest person to pass without even the seeming danger of hitting. For ease, stairs require a certain proportion of rise to width. Those most suitable for country houses are $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches rise to 11 inches width of tread. If the rise increases, the width must be diminished in such proportion that the product of the two will be nearly 75 inches. Ordinarily the rise should not exceed 8 inches. In small houses the construction of a stairway in a single flight, will occupy too much room in the lower floor; this can be remedied by taking more room in the upper story and having an intermediate landing. The same object is attained by the use of winding-stairs. The objection to their use is that they cost about twice as much as straight stairs, and are never so safe or pleasant.

The stairs may be made to contribute to the cheerful and united appearance of a house, by being easy, capacious, open, and inviting. If in sight, they always form an agreeable feature, unless the story to which they lead is itself so uncomfortable as to appear repulsive. In a house of any considerable size, convenience will require a back stairs leading from the kitchen, shut off by a door at the bottom.

THOSE RASCALS.

For several weeks past I have noticed the articles published in the FARMER about the Russian Hybrid Apple Swindlers. I do not know that a great deal of good can be done by writing about them for most persons who read the papers are too wise to be gulled by such liars. Two articles, one by D. R. Pillsbury and the other by "C. W. J." would seem in some respects to vindicate the selling of Russian Hybrid apples.

"W. W. C." stated correctly some time ago that there were several Russian apples of good character in general cultivation and that among these are Red Astrachan, Duchesse of Oldenburg and Tulpehocken. I heartily join him in condemning not the sale of these varieties of Russian Hybrid apples, but the fraud practiced by those Rochester agents selling any kind of Russian Hybrid apple trees at \$1.00 each. If they sell the varieties named above it is a fraud to sell at one dollar what can be bought for ten or fifteen cents. If it is something they claim to be new and hybridized by root-grafting is a worse fraud.

"C. W. J." may believe that the Hybrid apple trees sold are all right, or he may not—which I cannot tell from what he writes. His statement concerning the experiments of Thomas Meehan (whom he calls "Mahon") editor of *The Gardener's Monthly* are incorrect. In the September number for 1875, Mr. Meehan says, "twelve spliced grafts were put in. All died but three. So far as could be seen the halves grew together exactly—but only one shoot came from each eye—just as in ordinary budding. To hasten their fruiting, scions from these three were grafted on three separate mature trees on the Doucain stock. This season one of these on a Baldwin bore two apples, but they were in every respect Red Astrachan only. There was not a trace of the Rhode Island Greening."

This be it remembered is the given experience of Thomas Meehan to test whether or not Hybrids could be made by splicing the scions of different varieties of apples through their buds. I copy word for word. How does this accord with the statement of "C. W. J." as follows, "Mr. M. announced that the product was a true Hybrid differing from the parent and stock on which they were grafted." Meehan chose the Red Astrachan and Rhode Island Greening from their distinct characters.

"C. W. J." reads, or remembers badly I guess. If only three out of twelve scions grew and those not in any respect Hybrids what is the use in upholding such fraudulent ideas

and practice? Again in the October (1875) number of *Gardener's Monthly* the editor, Mr. Meehan, who is a practical scientific horticulturist says, "Our own experiments show that such split buds will sometimes grow but it is certain that no Hybrid has ever yet been proved to be had in this way." He then says that it "might be accomplished" that he is "anxious to encourage experiments," but waits for facts.

If "W. W. C." is slightly off in several particulars (which I doubt) "C. W. J." is seriously and directly contrary to the truth as regards Mr. Meehan's own statements of his experiments in the *Gardener's Monthly*.

ANOTHER HUMBUG.

Is that of J. B. Lunbeck of Leon, Iowa in the shape of a "Patent compound for the healing of tree wounds and the extermination of the root borers." Those who attended the last meeting of the Kansas State Horticultural Society will remember that one Levi Adams appeared before that body to have this same compound examined and indorsed. Adams is an agent who has purchased the right of Clay, Dickinson and several other counties in Kansas and now lives in Garnett, Anderson county.

When last heard from Lunbeck was at Paola, probably practicing his tricks upon the unwary people of that region.

At the meeting referred to, I was appointed as chairman of a committee of three to investigate this compound, and in all fairness did so in company with the other committee-men.

The report of the committee is given as follows:

Your committee would beg leave to report that they find the compound to be made of pine-tar, soap, lime, concentrated lye, ashes, tobacco and oil of tansy. We have examined trees upon which the compound has been applied. One tree which had two of its branches recently stripped of bark for a distance of four inches in length and the wound covered with this compound, was pronounced by your committee as dead to all intents and purposes; and although the foliage has not yet withered, the wood under the wound is brown and the cambium layer entirely destroyed. No injurious effect was discovered in the peach and apple trees, where the compound was applied to the bark. What will be the effect thus applied, your committee are not prepared to say. The large proportion of tar used in this compound we believe to be detrimental to the health of the tree; the soap we believe to be useful; the lye, ashes and lime might also be of some benefit, if applied at a proper time, to destroy the peach tree borer; the oil of tansy and tobacco would also be injurious to the borers if applied directly to the unprotected insect.

It is the unanimous opinion of your committee that the compound of J. B. Lunbeck is, so far as having any real value to fruit growers, a failure and a swindle.

H. E. VAN DEMAN,
G. Y. JOHNSON,
L. A. WALKER,
Committee.

This report was received and seconded by a strong unanimous vote of the society. The agent tried to show us how the compound would destroy the peach tree borer. After taking off the covering of bark he painted the naked borer with a brush dipped in this tarry mixture and triumphantly declared that it would "die in half an hour." What a triumph of science and skill! Indeed, it does away with the use of the knife after the borer is dug out. Of course, Lunbeck was informed of this exposure and came out with a great swelling circular challenging the committee to "come to time, or else act like men and say you have not tried it, you know nothing about it" &c. Says he, "will back what he says with \$5,000 and leave it to the sworn testimony of twelve men from four States who have used it for years."

He might get twelve men to swear to almost any lie; we would like to see the \$5,000 deposited with the Kansas State Treasurer and then we will see who gets the money.

The directions in the printed circular given to those investing \$5.00 in a farm right for preparing the tree for the application of the compound are good. These are to clear the earth from about the collar of the tree and after cleaning out all the holes of the borers dip a broom in strong soap-suds and scrub the trunk of the tree thoroughly. What better could we do? Certainly not then smear with a compound composed chiefly of pine-tar; trees might outlive in some cases, but it has often been tried with serious results. I have applied coal tar in this way, but the borers deposited their eggs all the same. The growth of the tree would soon make cracks at any rate. If frequently applied so

there were no openings the tree would die. No one would be more ready than I to encourage anything that would help the fruit grower but when these quacks come along I feel like warning others against them.

H. E. VAN DEMAN.

Why go to so much useless trouble and expense to exclude borers, and run the risk of injuring the trees? Trees bound around with a strip of tarred muslin two or three inches below the ground to three or four above will exclude borers, but this remedy is injurious to the trees. A handful or two of straw bound around the trunk of the tree above, and extending below the collar, will effectually exclude the beetles from reaching the bark of the tree at the surface of the ground, where they deposit their eggs and prove an unfailing preventive. The straw is an advantage to the tree by protecting the bark from the rays of the sun and drying winds, while all kinds of paints or tar close the pores and injure the bark of the trees.

[EDS. FARMER]

TAMING BEES.

It used to be thought that professional beekeepers possessed some great secret to charm or tame bees, and a great deal of money has been paid for worthless nostrums, by the credulous.

We knew a man, not many years ago, that pretended to have a secret to tame bees so you could "handle them as flies." He had papers purporting to have furnished Langstroth, Kirkland and Baldrige with the secret, and held them in the penul sum of five thousand dollars, not to divulge it. He would tell you what it was for ten dollars, and he got a good many ten dollars. One man that was impressed with the wonderful way that this bee wizard manipulated bees, in swarming them in his mouth, in his hat, and on his hand, requested me to transfer a hive of bees for him. I took with me a roll of cotton rags, such as I kept at my apary. When I arrived at his house, I found that he was determined to probe the bottom of this great taming secret. Before I proceeded, he took my roll of rags and examined them, smelt of them, and then inquired if it made any difference whether I used those rags or rags that he would get me; I told him that it did not make the slightest difference, so he procured me some rags and kept a very close watch lest I should put on some wonderful drug. I went to work and gave the bees a good smoke, tore down the box hive, and transferred comb and bees to a frame hive, and the bees never offered to sting anybody. When I got through, he walked up and handed me a five dollar bill; I remonstrated that I did not charge that much. He said that it was all right, that I had saved him ten dollars and half of it was my due. A little close watching revealed the fact that this bee wizard did not use himself the pretended secret for which he charged ten dollars, but resorted to the old standard way on the sly.

But now the old rag roll has given way before an invention called the Bellows Smoker, and any one using this invention but for a single day, will wonder that he had not invented it himself when he first commenced keeping bees. The advantages of this smoker over the old rag roll and mouth bellows, is so marked, that if known, every man who has but one stand of bees would not be without it.

First, you don't need to get your face down in dangerous proximity to the bees. Second, it does not burn bees up like the rag smoker. Third, it can be used on a windy day without burning fingers. Fourth, you can direct the smoke just where you want it. Fifth, you can use it for starting your fire in the morning.

N. CAMERON.

CHESS, THAT OLD, OLD STORY.

EDITORS FARMER: I have noticed some remarks from W. W. Cone, about the cheat in wheat, as he travels south in the state. Bro. Cone makes some bold assertions as to theories and different notions which prevail among the farmers as to what produces this cheat. I wish to give Bro. Cone some facts about the pranks this cheat has played on the farmers since my days of observation; perhaps he can readily explain the trick. One of my neighbors began to clear the timber off the ground, to make himself a farm, this was in Park county, Ind. (we were all in the timber), and there were no wheat fields in this region. My neighbor cleared a small piece of ground and sowed one-half in flax and the other half in oats. After harvest he broke the

ground where the flax and oats had grown and sowed wheat. The part that was in oats, the seed had dropped on the ground and was plowed under, and, of course came up with the wheat and was nearly ready to head out when frost came; the oats were killed during the winter, or, at least, looked so. The next season, the part that was in flax the season before, now produced a good crop of wheat. Will Bro. Cone tell what became of the wheat that was sown? I was at Mr. Sage's house, and he was telling me about the trick, and I told him I wanted to see the thing for myself. I found the statement to be true; there was the old stool of oats that was winter-killed down, not quite to the ground; at some of the joints new stalks were sent up which produced the cheat; there was no show for a mistake. The old oat stalks were, at least, one foot in length, and showed the same stalk down to where the new shoot or stalk had come. I shall look for Mr. Cone's explanation with some interest. I have some five or six more pills, but think it best to give but one at a time this warm weather. Mercury 94° in the shade; some caution necessary or prostration will result.

J. B. DUBHAM.

Burlington, Osgood Co., Kas.

LARGE AND SMALL HOGS.

EDITORS FARMER: I notice in your last issue an article entitled "Small Hogs," arguing in favor of small hogs and giving an invitation to others to give their views on the subject.

First, you say, speaking of Poland-Chinas and Berkshires, "the matter of size is the principle point against them." This seems to me to be a good point in their favor, not necessarily that we may sell large hams and shoulders, but because large hogs are rapid growers and will make hams of from twelve to fifteen pounds weight at an earlier age than any of the small breeds. And I believe it is a settled point that the younger a hog can be made marketable the more profitable he is.

Again, you say, speaking of the Essex, "possessing all the most valuable qualities sought after in the larger favorite breeds." This is probably true except in regard to size, although I believe some of these qualities are possessed in a less degree by the small than by the large breeds. I believe that most, if not all, of the small breeds have had the qualities of health, rapid growth and certain and prolific breeding, impaired by fine breeding and high feeding.

Again, the point you make of early maturity seems to me to have no force in it since the Poland-Chinas and Berkshires will make very choice, fat hogs or pigs at any age their feeder sees fit to push them with heavy food for a few weeks.

Again, you claim that the Essex, at from nine months to a year, will weigh from 175 to 250 pounds, making as much pork to the amount of feed consumed as any of the larger breeds. Now, I believe it is an established fact that the pig that will eat and digest the most will make the most pork in proportion to what it eats. Also, that the hog that will attain the greatest weight at any given, desirable age is the most profitable. Now, last year, I fed six high grade Poland China pigs until they were a few days less than ten months old, when they weighed 1885 pounds, making an average of 314 pounds. I do not mention this as being extraordinary as all I know it has often been beaten right here in Kansas. But you will notice that at less than ten months old it exceeds your heaviest estimate of an Essex at one year old, by sixty-four pounds. Quite an important item. And I do not recollect of seeing any accounts of remarkable weights, age considered, being attained by any of the small breeds. Give us the large breeds and let us put them into a market very early, and we can make pork-raising pay.

O. V. FOLSON.

Barclay, Kansas.

The theory that the planet Jupiter has an atmosphere about ten thousand miles in thickness is strengthened by some observations of that planet's satellites made by Mr. Todd, of Adelaide, South Australia. He states to the Royal Astronomical Society that he has several times actually seen one of the satellites through the atmosphere of Jupiter, as it passed behind the body of the planet.

THE KANSAS FARMER AND AMERICAN FOUNG FOLKS sent postage paid one year for \$2.00.

SPIRIT OF THE AGRICULTURAL PRESS.

Relation of the Farmer to Society.—Not only are farmers interested in seeing that a high standard of morals and intelligence prevails among them, but the general interests of society demand this. The majority of our successful business and professional men were reared on farms, and there laid the foundation of physical health and moral character, on which success in life has been built. What is it that has given New England her power, that has built up her cities and thriving manufacturing villages, and enabled her to put her impress on almost the entire West? We believe it can be attributed to the fact that her farmers were men of integrity and intelligence, and the young men who left the farm for the cities or to people the great West, were men who had been trained under influences which made them strong for labor and to meet the temptations of life.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Go to Farming.—Thousands of these idle men are completely helpless—helpless as children. Their own trades are closed to them, and they are as ignorant of other kinds of business as a clergyman would be of the practice of law. "Let them sweep the streets rather than starve," says one. This is all very well, but perhaps nobody wants the streets swept, and if they did there are idle men enough in the world to sweep all the streets in creation a half a dozen times a day. "Go to farming," says another; and it is this nonsensical advice that has prompted this article. Such advice is based upon the supposition that it requires no brains or experience to be a farmer, and invariably comes from those who are as ignorant of the necessities of successful agriculture as those whom they take it upon themselves to advise. The advice of any one who knew anything about farming, to those men would be to keep off the farm. It is simply cruel for any one of influence to publish any other kind of counsel. There is not one in ten thousand of our city mechanics and laborers who could get a living on the farm, or come anywhere near it. Their services to a farmer would not be worth their board, for the simple reason that they know nothing of the business, and that it requires as much knowledge and tact as any other business. If there is any way by which these thousands can be instructed in agriculture then it would perhaps, be well if such advice as "go to farming," should be given, and perhaps it is here that statehood can come in and render a service to the starving and to the country.—*Western Rural.*

Cultivation of Wheat.—A correspondent of the *American Rural Home* says on the above subject:

"One of your correspondents asks whether the wheat crop could be improved by boeing. Let me offer you my experience. I say offer, because I have found it difficult to get people to accept unpaid-for experience. In this case experience is asked for, and I hope I may be the means of making two blades grow where only one grew before. Some years ago, my sons (as now) had the working of my farm (now a farm of improved sheep). They put in a twenty acre field of wheat. I wanted them to put it all in with a drill, using only every other tube, stopping up the others; but they would only put in half an acre this way. This made the drills fifteen inches apart, and one peck of seed per acre was sufficient. In March following, the ground being dry enough, I passed through it with an old-fashioned shovel plow, that was wide enough to disturb the width between the rows of wheat—half an hour's work. The result was, this half acre produced fifteen bushels of wheat, while the rest of the field produced only twelve bushels per acre."

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—*Solomon.*

Young men would make an immense stride toward securing comfortable fortunes, if, from the time they begin to exercise authority over their own actions, they would set earnestly to work to build up homes for themselves instead of wasting five or ten years of the best period of life. Parents are at fault in this matter. If, when they arrive at fourteen or fifteen years of age, boys were encouraged to work for themselves, and each was given land as his own, the majority of them would soon come to love their farms, and would be at work when, otherwise, they would be idle. Give a boy a place of his own to till and plant trees upon, to beautify and improve, and if his previous training under your hands has been good, he will never forsake the place for a life of idleness.—*Dirigo Rural.*

Wheat at 75 cents per bushel.—Next to poor crops the farmer dreads low prices. Now, that an immense wheat crop is secured, we have complaints that the price will be so low that the crop will not pay. It is unreasonable to expect large crops and high prices at the same time, though such a fortunate concurrence of events has occasionally been known in localities. But our present purpose is to show that, even at the ruling prices wheat does pay a good profit on the cost of cultivation. We presume that 20 bushels to the acre will be admitted to be a moderate estimate of the yield of this season. The cost of breaking ground, seeding, harvesting, threshing, etc., may be safely put at \$6 per acre. At this estimate, the net profit on 20 bushels, at 75 cts. per bushel which would be \$9, which seems a very nice sum to realize these times, when all manufactured goods are at the lowest prices reached for the past 16 years.—*Indiana Farmer.*

CARE OF FARM MACHINERY.

Although agricultural machinery is comparatively cheap, it is unprofitable unless kept in thorough repair, and made to last its natural life. The loosening or loss of a nut or bolt may not of itself be anything serious, but it imposes undue strain on some other parts of the machinery and is the primary cause of breakage. A person in charge of a mower or reaper, should frequently look it over, wrench in hand, to make sure that no nuts or keys are loose. On starting a machine, everything may be in order, yet the constant vibrations will soon shake nuts and keys loose, and on every occasion of stopping these things should be looked after. No matter how great the hurry, always take time to tighten a loose nut or key, or a bad break will be the result, and time and money lost. If any unusual sound, click, chatter or rattle is heard, it is best to stop at once and discover the cause and put things to rights. If any slight derangement is discovered it will not do to say "it will run a little while yet," but attend to it at once. In this way you will avoid a general smash up or break down. Boys, and inexperienced men, frequently use too much strength in tightening the nuts. A small bolt may be easily twisted off with a long wrench. This is often done in taking off nuts that have become rusted, so that it is always best, when a nut is taken off for any purpose, to put a small quantity of oil on the bolt before replacing the nut, which can then be removed at any time without injury to the bolt.

In screwing up bolts or journal-boxes always see that the boxes do not fit so closely as to bind the journal, which is, sometimes the case in new machinery. In oiling, only use a few drops at a time. With too much oil the working parts soon become "gummed," causing the machine to run hard. Machinery that has stood idle some time should be taken apart and cleaned thoroughly before using. All journals and working parts where there is friction should be cleaned with a rag wet with kerosene, which will take off all the old grease and "gum." Wipe clean and oil all bolts and nuts before putting together. Lost motion in pitmans, connecting rods and journals, should be taken up by refilling the boxes with Babbitt, or filing down the ends of the boxes. Always have an eye out for something loose and be prepared to "fit it" at once. This rule applies to all kinds of machinery, buggies, wagons, etc. All farm machinery should be kept under cover, and the wood work should receive a coat of paint (or at least of crude petroleum) from time to time. It does not pay to have the fence corners and the barnyard filled with machinery going to rapid decay, but there are millions of dollars' worth in that condition throughout the country. The foregoing will be useful to boys and young farmers, and there are not a few old ones who may profit by these brief hints.—*Adirondack.*

FRUIT ROOMS.

Fruit cannot be long kept in the ordinary cellar under dwellings, and if it could be, the danger from the gases arising from vegetable decomposition ought to deter us from storing fruit in these rooms. There is less objection to fruit cellars under barns and stables as the ventilation of such buildings above is more complete, and the atmosphere is not only purer, but cooler in summer and winter. If a barn cellar can be arranged on a side hill, (fronting south, if possible) and so isolated that it is kept free from the odors of manure, it may be regarded as a favorable location. If the barn or stable is not thus situated, it will be necessary to make an excavation into the side of a hill, fronting south or west, and cover it so as to protect it from frost in winter. The cellar should consist of two apartments, and the partition wall may be of brick or stone, as is cheapest or most convenient. The size of course will depend upon the wants of the fruit-raiser. A frost-proof room, twenty feet square and eight feet high, will hold the products of a large orchard, and it may be constructed cheaply. If two rooms are provided (which arrangement is desirable), the first need not be frost-proof, but may be open to air and light. The object is to secure a cool, airy room in which to store fruit during the late autumn months, and into the early winter, if the weather is mild. A dark subterranean room, well protected, cannot be very dry in moderate weather; therefore it is best to keep fruit as long as possible in more exposed and drier rooms, and when zero weather approaches remove it into the frost-proof apartment at once. Cold air is always dry air, and the inner room in winter, if properly ventilated, is filled with cold, dry air, but above freezing temperature. The nearer to 32° F. the air is kept without remaining at or going below that point, the better.

The walls of fruit rooms may be constructed of stone, if connected with farm premises where this material is abundant, or of brick where stones cannot be readily obtained. If stone is employed, a mason to lay up the wall may not be necessary, as they may be put up dry and pointed with common mortar, work which any farmer can do. A roof supported by firm timbers is necessary, and a space between the rough board ceiling and the roof, of one and a half or two feet, will protect from frost or hay, or dry sawdust, will protect from frost unless the climate is very severe. The roof covering may be of ordinary tarred paper, well put on with battens, and then painted heavily with tar or pitch. This roof, if well constructed, will last for years. It should come as close to the ground as possible. The whole of the interior room should be protected

by the ground on the rear end and sides; the front or light room need not be so protected. This should protrude from the hill, and have at least a couple of windows and a door. The ventilation of the interior or winter room should be effected by opening the inner and outer doors in mild weather, and allowing air to flow in. And here an important caution is to be observed; never ventilate or upon the doors of the winter cellar on very mild, damp days; select clear, dry days, when the thermometer is just above freezing, for airing the rooms. The reason for this is obvious. If the air of the cellar and the stored fruit is colder than the admitted external air, condensation of moisture takes place and everything becomes covered with a dew which is injurious to the fruit. This does not take place on cold clear days. Be cautious in the spring in opening the inner cellar, as by admitting warm, moist air great injury is done.

In this arrangement for storing fruit, it is kept dry and cool before it is placed in winter quarters. If this dry condition is secured in mild weather, oxidizing influences are kept at bay during the cold weather, and the fruit comes out in the spring sound and fresh. The barrels in which it is stored should not stand on end; pile them up one upon another, the ends horizontal.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

DRIED FRUIT FOR MARKET.

All dried fruits sell principally by color, which should be bright; and to obtain the same in apples and peaches, they should be prepared for drying before fully ripe. Sliced apples, if not bright, do not pay for the trouble of slicing, and the finest qualities should be packed in new barrels, top and bottom lined with paper. Bright quartered apples, well colored, uniform in cut, are always more or less in fair demand, and more attention should be given to them. Peeled peaches should be sliced or cut in eighths, and invariable of a bright color. Dark qualities rule low, and slow of sale. Unpeeled peaches should be selected for halves, size bring a consideration in them, while the smaller fruit is full desirable to be cut for quarters. They should be kept entirely separate, as when mixed they will not generally sell at over the price of quarters.

Blackberries should be particularly well dried, or they are liable to sweat or sour, and pack only in new barrels.

SALT NECESSARY TO ANIMALS.

The true value of salt for feeding to animals is neither as well understood nor appreciated as it should be by a large class of farmers, and the best mode of feeding is too frequently ignored, even when its importance is fully admitted. That it is actually required by animals, is shown by the amount of salt contained in the blood of the human species, it being fully one-half of one per cent, and 57½ per cent. of the ashes of blood. Investigation has proven that where salt is supplied with the food, this proportion is invariable, and were not supplied, other parts of the system must supply the deficiency, to their injury. What is true of the human species is equally true of our farm stock and animals, which suffered the same troubles when deprived of salt. When the equilibrium of any part is disturbed, two whole systems are weakened, and the animal becomes liable to disease, and the system succumbs when attacked.

Salt is a great aid to digestion, and the natural instinct of animals prompts them to its use, as is evinced by their resorting to salt licks and other natural sources, previous to and during the early settlement of our country, and by what may be still witnessed at the present day on the prairies of South America and other wilds, where herds of horses and other cattle travel miles to obtain from natural sources a much needed supply. It is an undoubted fact that where animals have unrestrained access to salt at all times, many of the diseases to which they are liable are ward off and prevented by keeping the system regular. We find that when salt is regularly given them only good results follow, as is evidence in their exemption from disease. Where free access is had to salt, stock will take only what is needed, but where the supply is inconstant, as is often the case when they frequently operate injuriously.

The invariable presence of salt in quantities in tissues of the body shows conclusively the important influence which it exerts in the production of flesh and fat in animals. Salt assists digestion by increasing the flow of saliva, aiding also further by promoting thirst, and a constant flow of fluids, to assist in dissolving much of the food which otherwise might be only imperfectly digested. Actual experiments, carefully conducted, have demonstrated that where two hogs were fattened, one fed salt in its food, and the other with salt excluded, the one fed salt food fattened very much faster, and in several weeks less time. It exceeded in weight by a considerable proportion the one fed without salt in its food. It is an unquestionable fact that all our food products contain a greater or less proportion of salt in their structure, but that the animal economy requires an additional quantity, is equal true. Farm animals, when kept at grass, or on green succulent feed, naturally take more salt than when kept on dry fodder; at least such has been my observation.—*W. H. White, in Country Gentleman.*

FALL PLOWING.

So soon as harvest is over, fall ploughing will commence; some of which will be de-

signed for fall wheat and some for corn the following spring. In this labor each individual can make experiments for himself, and in doing so it will be well to make a note of them in such a manner as to arrive at intelligent conclusions. Pulverization and depth are the two most important considerations. But few plow deep enough, and not one in a thousand subsoil. Quantity and not quality is too often the only desideratum. We can only know by trial the best methods of farming, and the time to commence experiments is now.—*Journal of Agriculture and Farmer.*

WHEAT CROP OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

The agricultural department of the state of Georgia, collects the following as the condition of the wheat crop of the southern states:

The yield of wheat—so far as harvested up to 1st of June—is less than an average; in North Georgia, 25 per cent.; in middle Georgia, 16 per cent.; in south Georgia, 4 per cent., and in east Georgia, 5 per cent. The usual order is about reversed. North and middle Georgia, usually the most certain, have fallen further below an average yield than the other sections named. This result may depend on two causes: 1st, It appears by meteorological observations made in this city, that during the month of April (though the rainfall was less than an average quantity) the temperature was higher and the moisture in the atmosphere greater than the average of this section—two circumstances favorable to the development of rust. 2d, The wheat growers of the northern and middle sections have not been so careful in the selection of early and hardy varieties of seed wheat, as the farmers of the southern sections of the state, where repeated failures, on account of rust, have more effectively taught them the importance of selecting such varieties.

The Nicaragua, a variety introduced several years since by Mr. C. D. Black, of Campbellton, has again vindicated its claims as a rust-proof wheat. It has not rusted in the last six years. The Early Red May, the Purple Straw, and the Rainey, are also mentioned by reporters as having escaped the rust. The last named is a small grained, very early, white variety—the result of careful selection by Hon. T. F. Rainey, of Ellaville, Georgia.

The average yield in the state is 87,—1 per cent. below an average—about the same as last year; but as the acreage was 18 per cent. greater than in 1877, it is safe to say that the aggregate yield is materially greater.

ABOUT FOREIGN-MADE CHEESE.

The London, (Eng.) *Pall Mall Gazette*, has an article on continental-made cheese in good repute in England.

"Some varieties of cheese have long been known to the epicure, but have only recently become articles of comparatively common consumption.—Such is the Gruyere, which by right of size comes naturally foremost—a great cheese, weighing one hundred pounds, rich and luscious, from Switzerland. It sometimes measures a yard in circumference. But upon this huge mass a delicate skill, and at least a twelvemonth's attention, has been lavished, to bring it to the exact consistency of a species of firmer butter, disappearing, as it were, upon the tongue. The process is carried on in summer almost beside the glacier and avalanche, and one part of the system is said to be a gentle simmering of the curd. It sells in London at about a shilling a pound.

"Quite a contrast is presented by the Mont d'Or cheese—from France—a yellow disc, say five inches across, like a cake of solid honey. The taste is delicious, and it has a tempting appearance upon the table. These cheeses are usually obtained by the dozen, costing tenpence each; which is also the value of the Camembert, still less in diameter, but thicker.

"A cheese commanding a wider sale is the Roquefort (French), the price of which, two shillings a pound, indicates a superior quality. It is a cream cheese, coated with tinfoil, and weighing about four pounds. It is made from milk of sheep, and when cut open, is flecked with the peculiar decay so dear to the artist in eating. This mouldiness is the chief object of the maker, who assists its development by the use of a little barley bread. The cheese is matured in a series of natural caverns, the draught through which effects the ripening. Roquefort and Gorgonzola (Italian) much resemble Stilton; the latter is also made from cream only, is very rich, and about the same price."

THE LOCUST.

The very interesting and valuable report of the Entomological Commission, created by Congress to investigate the Rocky Mountain locust, at the head of which Prof. Riley was placed, has been published. The Report contains much valuable information. The following chapter treats of the breeding grounds of the insect, and will interest all of our readers:

The area in which the locust breeds each year, in greater or less numbers, the commission says, is approximately 300,000 square miles in extent. It is not to be inferred that the locust breeds continuously over the whole of this area each year, for it is to be understood that the locust within its native permanent habitat is essentially migratory in its habits. For a series of years, it may deposit its eggs in a given river valley, in some park, or in some favorable area in some of the plains lying about the mountains, yet it may desert its customary breeding-grounds for adjoining regions, or cross a low range of moun-

tains and breed in a distant valley. Even in this area the hatching-grounds are for the most part confined to the river bottoms or grassy areas among the mountains, rather than continuously over the more elevated, dry, bleak plains. The area in which the locust breeds lies mainly between longitude 102° and 114° West of Greenwich, and latitude 53° and 40° North.

From this general breeding-ground the locust is distributed in all directions. The eastern limit of its range is marked by the commission by the following line: "From the southern end of Lake Winnipeg, by way of Lake of the Woods to Pierce county, Wisconsin, thence directly south to Poweshick county, Iowa; thence southwest to Worth county, Missouri; then south through Montgomery county, Arkansas, to Houston, Texas curving westward from this point to Live Oak county, Texas." In Manitoba the eastern and also the northern limit corresponds very closely with the timber line. Generally the northernmost limit of distribution extends to Fort Pitt in latitude 53°40', and the general northern limit of the range of *O. spretus*, which is the most troublesome species of the locust, extends nearly to the southern limits of the forests which lie partly upon the fifty-third parallel, but in a greater part between longitude 104° and 114° and above the projected route of the Canadian Pacific railroad. It is probable that other species range north of these limits, but it is not probable that the *spretus* ranges beyond the line of coniferous trees lying along the north shore of the northern branch of the Saskatchewan river. The extreme western limit of the distribution of these locusts is the eastern flank of the Cascade Range in Oregon and Washington Territory, and the Sierra Nevada Mountains, though in many parts of the country they do not reach a point so far west.

As to the southern limit, the commission lacked data for determining this line satisfactorily. All that its members are able to say in reference to it is that the locusts have been known to cross the Rio Grande at Eagle Pass, and to penetrate a mile and a half into Mexico; that they have been observed in Western Texas as far as the settlements have extended; that they have penetrated New Mexico on the northeast as far as Las Vegas and Fort Union, and have passed down in the mountain region from Colorado to Taos, and possibly farther south.

FARM PARAGRAPHS.

Summer Layering is an easy and rapid method of propagating the vine. As soon as a shoot of the present season, in a convenient place, becomes hard enough to handle—recollect that they break with the greatest ease at the nodes or joints—open a trench a few inches deep, and bury a few joints, removing the leaves from the buried part of the shoot; put down a stake, and turn up and fasten the end of the shoot to it, and treat this as if it were a young vine. In hot weather, and in light soil, it is well to lay a flat stone over the buried part of the vine, to keep the place moist.—*American Agriculturist.*

In the San Joaquin valley, California, there are 1,000,000 acres in wheat, averaging 20 bushels to the acre.

During the first four months of the present year, the sales of land by the land grant railway companies of the United States, were as follows: Kansas roads, 254,970 acres, valued at \$1,026,139.51, an average of \$4 per acre; Nebraska roads, 303,991 acres, value \$1,594,147.74, average \$5.21. Iowa roads, 23,489 acres, value, \$194,669.25, average 8.30; Michigan roads, 25,523 acres, value, \$320,778.28, average, 12.55; Illinois roads, 351,516 acres, value, \$35,151.60, average \$10; Minnesota roads, 251,578 acres, value, 1,157,226.56, average, 5.25; Arkansas and Missouri roads, 53,798 acres, value, \$254,290.22, average, \$4.70. From the foregoing it will be seen that, comparatively, the Kansas lands are the cheapest, and those of Michigan the highest in price, Illinois ranking second.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Packers, as matters stand, will not be justified in paying over \$2.75 per hundred pounds, gross, next fall. So says the Cincinnati *Gazette*.

HOOSTING OUT.

It will be found a great benefit to the fowls to make them roost out of doors during the hot weather, and many of our successful fanciers attribute almost perfect freedom from disease to this precaution. About June first, turn the fowls out of doors, and fix up boxes or kegs for them to lay in. If you have evergreens or other low growing trees, let them roost in them; if not, provide a temporary roosting place, with only a shelter over head from the rain. Leave them out doors until the frosty nights of latter part of October, and then house them again.—*Poultry Bulletin.*

SEASONABLE HINTS.

Cholera sears is here, and it is well to keep a sharp lookout for this dread disease. Ruffled plumage, drooping head and tail, and a weak and unsteady walk or run, are usually precursors of an attack. There are doubtless several cures for the disease, but the "ounce of prevention" is far better. Look well to the water your fowls have to drink; be sure that it is fresh and pure. It troughs or "fountains" are used, have them refilled and well rinsed or washed out at least twice a day. Give the fowls a change of diet, put pulverized charcoal in their mixed food. Keep fine gravel, broken shells or lime rubbish within their reach.—*Poultry Bulletin.*

Topics for Discussion.

THE NEW FACTOR IN POLITICS.

It is a melancholy thought that this country barely a century away from the achievement of its independence, should be in doubt whether or not to tread the bloody path by which France marched to an Empire. We have indeed, a powerful safeguard in the natural conservatism of a strong land-owning class. If the real tendencies of the Socialistic movement were known, it would unquestionably be defeated in all the western states. But here, as in France, leaders of the revolution do not tell whether they are going, because they do not know. They fancy that they are uprooting abuses; in reality they are trying to blow up the very foundations of civilized society. Many men of conservative instincts will start; but here, again France, if the revolution goes on, it will devour its Girondists. Behind it, at every step, will gather forces which will drive it forward toward anarchy. The only safety is in early comprehension of the nature of the movement, and swift union of all conservative elements against it.

Probably we are to see this fall how much of power Socialism has thus far acquired in this country, and how much of good sense there is to resist it. There is reason for congratulation that a test comes so early. The sooner the true meaning of the movement is known, the more probable the chance that the better forces of civilized society may be aroused to resist it successfully. But there ought to be no tampering or paltering with it, in any party. Wherever any prominent man, any faction or party, leads the least countenance to this destructive and revolutionary spirit, there ought to be an instant rallying of conservative elements to defeat that man or party.—N. Y. Tribune.

LETTER FROM LOUISIANA.

EDITORS FARMER: Thinking a letter from this section of the Union might interest some of your readers, I give a short one.

The weather up to this time has been very pleasant, excepting two or three warm days. Crops are very good. Corn is better this season than for many years past. Cotton, also, looks very well, and promises a fine yield—if the caterpillars let it alone. Some persons are prophesying an advance in prices. Fruits, of all kinds, have been and are plentiful. Melons are already in market.

Politics are again the "talk of the day." "Bulldozing has commenced. Nine persons were hung one day last week in one of our lower parishes, simply because they were "leading Republicans." One day this week a mulatto, his two sons and son-in-law, residing about fifteen miles from our city, were visited by a band of masked men, who gave them notice they must leave the state immediately; and still the democrats say there is no such thing done in Louisiana.

The democratic organ of Saturday last says: "We thought the radical party had subsided, but now it seems they are more active than ever. We think a little rope, judiciously administered, would be a great benefit." What does this mean? The republicans feel sure of a victory this fall. The democrats rely on the "returning board"—and double-barreled shotguns.

Yours respectfully, "JEFF." The same writer, in a private letter, says: "It is dangerous for a man to take part in politics if he is a Republican. I have been shot at, and only because they thought it would be a vote less."

"Look at the case of Hon. H. M. Twitchell, resident of this place. If he had been a democrat, think you he would have been shot at? And his would-be murderer now walks our streets and talks of the affair as though it was a dog he had tried to kill."

"Again, there is the murder of Hon. E. L. Pierson, who was shot in the streets of our city on Christmas when the streets were full of people. Over twenty shots were fired at him before he fell. I was an eye-witness to this, and nearly every white man in the place who is a republican, has been threatened."

EDITOR FARMER: I have recently had occasion to examine a good part of Harvey county quite thoroughly. One is surprised at the very rapid growth and improvement of the country here. Three years ago, there were very few, if any, really good farm houses to be seen; now they meet the eye in every direction. Men of means are going in and making substantial improvements rapidly. Newton, the county seat, is beautifully located on Sand creek, and at the junction of three divisions of the railroad. In 1875, with a very few exceptions, there were nothing but cheap, wooden buildings in the town; now there are scores of substantial business houses and residences, many of them being of stone or brick. Then there were but a few hundred people; now the actual number of the resident population is 2000, and estimated higher.

Crops in this county, as well as in other parts of the Arkansas valley, have been damaged some by the wet weather, but the damage in the aggregate is slight. May the circulation of the Kansas FARMER continue to increase here, as well as elsewhere, until it shall become the foremost farmers' paper in the land. M. J. DART. Newton, Kansas.

LETTER FROM ILLINOIS.

EDITORS FARMER:—In renewing my subscription to the "FARMER" for another three months, let me say I regard it as a most ex-

cellent paper, and to me, extremely interesting, as I am hoping to, some day, make Kansas my home.

While reading the excellent articles on "Farm Buildings" by W. Tweeddale, C. E. the hope has come up in my mind that he will not overlook the matter of the best and most convenient arrangement of all the buildings of the farm, house, barn or barns, sheds, &c., &c., in relation to their several particular uses and also as to their arrangement as a whole, so that taken together, each one may seem to stand in its proper place, producing that harmony of effect which is so desirable even in the grouping of the buildings of a farmer. Men generally plant the first building, which is usually a shelter to live in, without ever thinking of the other buildings which must soon follow, and so on until a jungle of unsightly structures are put up bearing no relation to one another, and possessing neither order, convenience nor beauty, and, in consequence are ever after an eye-sore to their builder.

And, as the wind-mill is to be one of the most prominent farm structures of the future, its position in the family of buildings should be well cared for, so that it can easily and most conveniently get at the well for pumping, the corn cribs for grinding, the milk house for churning, the wood pile for sawing, &c., &c.

I hope Mr. Tweeddale or some one well capable, will give us both thoughts and diagrams in the "FARMER."

A. B. MUNN.

LARGE VS. SMALL HOGS.

EDITORS FARMER: I notice in your valuable paper of July 10th, an article headed "Small Hogs," in which the writer argues strongly in favor of the small hog. I think his proof-text very weak in favor of the small hog. He says, call on our grocers and they will testify in favor of small meat. Now I assert that a man can have just as good breakfast-bacon out of the Berkshire or Poland-China as he can from any smaller breed. If you wish to butcher your hogs at home and market the bacon, kill at seven or eight months old, and I will guarantee as much good breakfast-bacon as any one can get out of a smaller breed.

While the Essex, his favorite, is a good feeder, and lays on fat very rapidly, as a matter of course the sides will not measure so large, but they will be fatter and thicker, and I claim I have the nicest meat when cured—a streak of lean and streak of fat all the way through the sides.

I have always made my meat, for home use, out of spring pigs, butchered at about seven or eight months old, and have never had a grocerman find fault with any bacon that I have sold, which I had left over; and my experience leads me to think that the farmer in the great corn valleys of Kansas, makes a grand mistake when he adopts a smaller kind of hogs for profit. Farmers do not want to kill their hogs, but feed to sell on foot, for profit, and a good, smooth lot of hogs that will weigh 300 to 400 pounds, will sell with any that falls below that average.

JAMES F. FARRIS.

We would like to hear the opinion of others among our feeders and farmers, on the merits of large and small hogs.—[EDITORS FARMER.]

NATURAL.—Those who are the most graceful in their movements are those who are the most natural. Artificial habits, affectation, constraint, destroy nature's attempt at originality and repose. When Sir Joshua Reynolds desired to put upon canvas attitudes most characterized by grace, he selected children as his models. You will hardly see a group of them at play that does not exhibit more ease and gracefulness of action than is to be found in the saloons of fashion.

Patrons of Husbandry.

OFFICERS OF THE NATIONAL GRANGE.—Master, Samuel E. Adams, of Minnesota; Secretary, O. H. Kelley, Louisville, Kentucky; Treasurer, P. M. McDowell, Wayne, N. Y.
KANSAS STATE GRANGE.—Master: Wm. Sims, Topeka; Secretary: P. B. Maxon, Emporia.
COLORADO STATE GRANGE.—Master: Levi Booth, Denver; Lecturer: J. W. Hammett, Plattville.
MISSOURI STATE GRANGE.—Master: H. Rehbaugh, Hanover, Jefferson county; Secretary: A. M. Coffey, Knob Noster.

TO OFFICERS OF SUBORDINATE GRANGES For the use of Subordinate Granges we have a set of receipt and order books which will prevent accounts getting mixed up or confused. They are: 1st. Receipts for dues, 2nd. Secretary's Receipts, and 3d. Order on Treasurer. The set will be sent to any address, postage paid for \$1.00.

We solicit from Patrons, communications regarding the Order. Notices of New Elections, Feasts, Installations and a description of all subjects of general or special interest to Patrons.

GRANGE NOTES.

James Chester, Jr., in an address before a Maryland grange, returned this indictment against the farmers:

I ask the grange to bear with me, while I draw up my indictment against the men of our calling. If it be false let some brother rise and show it to be so. First, I charge that our farmers are wanting in interests in their profession. Secondly I charge that when partial interest does exist, it is cramped and confined within the narrow limits of a man's own boundary fence. Again, I charge that there exists no co-operation or unity of action among us. And lastly, I charge that our farming interests is subordinated and made to pander to the wishes of the profes-

sion of politics to the great detriment of the agricultural interest. First, I put it to this grange whether there is not a growing apathy on the part of many of our farmers (particularly among the young) toward their profession. Have they not yielded up their farms into the hands of ignorant men, while they themselves find food for thought in matters entirely foreign to their occupation? I know the answer comes, that want of means leads to this ruinous practice. I admit, in some few cases, this may be true; but in the great majority it is but a poor excuse. The true cause lies in a distaste to the profession itself, a reluctance to give the farm that careful thought and watchful attention which it requires, and so the farm suffers, the community suffers, and the profession gains no honor from those who by education and natural gifts are peculiarly fitted to do it credit. We have another class of farmers, interested indeed, in the result of a crop, interested in what is immediate and direct; but utterly oblivious to all side issues and influences. They cannot see that they have duties beyond their own inclosures—duties which, if neglected, must tell against their individual influences. These men may be good managers of land, but they cannot be called, in the highest sense, farmers. Every man has the right to hold to his political creed—it is manly to do so; but when political professionalists use political creeds and hackneyed expressions of devotion to party as a cloak to cover the true inwardness of their profession, it is high time for the farmer to ask himself whether or not the profession of politics is not antagonistic to the profession of agriculture.

NOT PARTISAN.

If we once settle in our minds the difference between political economy and partisan politics we will have no trouble to decide what are proper questions for consideration and discussion in our grange meetings. But how to discuss, may not be of as much importance, as to know what to discuss. And as partisan politics are excluded from our deliberations, so are partisan discussions. Hence, in considering any of these questions, we must not discuss them with partisan feeling or intentions, but in a fraternal manner and with a view of informing each other, educating each other, so that we may more fully understand the various questions with which we have to deal. The issues involved in all these questions, whether political or otherwise, must be met by us, as well as by other classes, and we should so familiarize ourselves with all of them that we can act wisely, and deal with them intelligently, not as patrons and farmers only, but as true American citizens.—Farmer's Friend.

Let us practice and preach co-operation in season and out of season, for upon continuation and co-operation hang the destiny of not only the grange but the condition of our class for future generations.

THE WORK OF THE GRANGE.

The Rural New Yorker has the following to say of the grange, and the farmers in public life:

The grange has done an excellent work in bringing together the people of rural neighborhoods. The social features of the order are without doubt those of greatest importance. It has doubtless added dignity to the farmer's calling, but it has done this chiefly by arousing his social nature, stimulating his intellect, and thus making the farmer more deserving of public approbation. It is idle to say that the people ought to seek from the farm their representatives in high official station. When farmers prepare themselves for public duties, the fact is not likely to be long overlooked. They can only do this by performing all the duties of their present positions—not only on the farm but in society, in the church and in the political assembly. Thus they will be men among men, and if they are qualified for public station the fact will not long be overlooked. That high officers are so poorly filled is chiefly because so few really fit men present themselves. It does not disprove this that many able men keep in the back-ground; that is just what such men should not do.

Some patrons seem to think, or at least their actions would lead us to believe, that the grange is simply meeting at stated times in a certain room, going through certain formalities doing so much routine work and then going home, locking up their grange thoughts and principles when they turn the key in the door of the hall, only to be opened and aired when next meeting day comes around. They speak of the grange as a place or as an organization, a body of men and woman—not as the exponent of great and living principles. They speak of the body not the soul, of the church not the religion, of the school not the education. Of what use is the church without a better life, the school without the use of the knowledge gained? or of the grange without the practical application of its principles in our daily lives and business? Some members of the order would be surprised if we should tell them that there are to-day farmers who never have been initiated as members of any grange, who are better patrons than some who have taken all the degrees; yet such is the case. The first are believers in, and act in the principles taught by the grange, the others like some church members—Christians only so far as the form of going to church is concerned—attend the grange meetings and when outside, they know it not, judging by their acts.—Grange Bulletin.

KEEPING FOWLS.

A correspondent in the Country Gentleman furnishes the following sensible suggestions on poultry raising:

Above half a century's experience with poultry, has proved that keeping large numbers in one place, on small confined areas, for any length of time, is disastrous. Disease is certain to attack any crowded resort, or any poultry house, however clean it may be made, if the stock numbers hundreds. They may look well for a short time, and in the fattening of fowls which only occupy pens, &c., in succession, and then are dressed, they will do well for the two or three weeks they are kept.

If farmers wish to keep as many fowls as can be done without having them unhealthy, they should not have many together. This may be managed by having roosts situated as far apart as the premises make it convenient for them. In case they should all frequent the same premises, they will not interfere with each other's roosts, and the outside of the yards in the lanes or in the fields will be used only by the fowls belonging to that side.

"He liveth long, who liveth well."

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Send for Pamphlet (sent free) giving full description of our Rakes, Flows, Sulky and Gang Flows, Wheel Cultivators, Harrows, &c. also containing valuable Tables, Recipes, Postal Law, Rates of Foreign Postage, Home Freight, &c.
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Breeder of Pure bred Short-Horns. 1st Duke of Walnut Grove, 3013 S. H. Record. A. H. Book \$30.42 and Mazurka Lad and 5,313 S. H. Record at head of Herd. Young Bulls and Heifers. The get of the above sires for sale cheap. Inspection of my herd and correspondence solicited. Six miles south of Kansas City. Address, S. E. WARD, Proprietor, Westport, Jackson Co., Mo.

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22nd year in the State. Very large and complete stock of ornamental trees, grape vines, &c., &c. Wholesale prices very low and terms reasonable. Address P. P. PHILLIPS, Lawrence, Kansas.

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600 SHEEP!

Owing to the shortage of Range, and increase of Flocks, we offer for sale, delivered Sept. 15th, 600 head of Sheep, most ewes, graded Merinos; age from one to five years old. Our flocks have been in this section of the country five years. For further particulars, enquire of J. M. BRINING, Great Bend Kansas.

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The Kansas Farmer.

HUDSON & EWING, Editors & Proprietors,
Topeka, Kansas.

AN OUTLET FOR WESTERN PRODUCE.

The project which has been discussed for so long a time of organizing a line of barges to transport grain from Kansas City to New Orleans has at length been commenced. Three barges loaded with grain have been towed by tug boat to St. Louis.

The Kansas City Journal in speaking of the successful inauguration of this enterprise says: "These three barges took away from our city the product of 2,000 acres of good corn land, equivalent to 4,000 acres of average wheat land. This one boat took as much as fifteen locomotives take, and it was no longer on the way than grain often is between this and St. Louis."

The simple fact stated in the above paragraph clipped from the Journal, decides two important questions which should shape the future policy or action of western farmers. First, the impossibility of conveying by land-carriage to the Atlantic seaboard, the constantly accumulating surplus of farm products of the west, at rates for freights that will leave a margin of profit to the producer which will properly compensate him for the labor and capital expended; even though the railroad companies be brought to view the problem of transportation in its true light, which is for the railroads to carry freight at the lowest rates possible. Here we find one moderate sized tug boat towing to St. Louis as much grain as one trip as fifteen locomotives, and 350 freight cars would haul, or 100,000 bushels of corn, equal to 5,000,000 pounds of freight. The same outfit which transports grain to St. Louis will carry it to New Orleans, where it can be placed on board ocean steamers and shipped to Europe, or any market the world may offer.

This is, however, important though it may be, but the first step in the direction which is to open the heart of the Mississippi and Missouri valleys to the seaports of the world. There is water enough in these rivers and their tributaries to bear all the navies of the world, if properly utilized. In our opinion Capt. Eades has hit the plan by which these heretofore ungovernable rivers may be harnessed, as the lightning has been by man, and brought under his complete subjection. Then their turbulent waters instead of carrying terror and destruction to all along their banks, will be made to dredge out the fathoms of soil deposited on their rocky beds, and their mighty volume of water confined to one narrow channel, flow steadily to the Gulf, far beneath the banks which now are given up to its annual ravages, by the dams of mud and debris which their spreading sluggish waters are allowed to build across the natural channel hollowed in the rocks in a former geological period.

Let the farmers of the great west unite as one man on this, to them, great question of national policy of bringing the ships of the world alongside of their grain and pasture fields. Nature has built them a great canal. All they have to do is to put it in order to bear steam ships on its bosom, and keep it under their control. And this brings us to the second phase of this question. Corporations, railroad monopolies, and their much anathematized extortioners would then lose all their terrors. The "autocrats" of the great trunk lines, as the railroad presidents are termed, would become quite harmless and useful feeders of this great trunk line to the sea, the Mississippi and Missouri rivers.

This question of getting their grain and live stock to Europe at the nominal cost of ocean freights, far overshadows all other political questions, in importance to our western farmers. If they can send their produce to Europe at a cost of a few cents per hundred pound, they need not puzzle over the question of gold, silver and greenbacks. They can have their choice of the world's best money and the finest products of all nations as recompense for their toil. But they must present a united, unbroken front in order to achieve this great outlet to the sea. Their Senators and Representatives in congress must be made to understand that this question is paramount to all others, before they can be brought to work for it.

"SNIDE" BUSINESS.

The country is full of "snides." Not a day passes that you will not meet some adventurer traveling round town and country, representing some new project or scheme to coax money out of the pockets of honest labor. Sometimes it is a new invention, a patent right, a recipe, a secret in which there is "millions" for the purchaser; a scheme to advertise a new business house just opened out on the corner, where everything will be sold far below cost.

These plans and devices may all be classed under the general name of "snides." Schemes to get money from the thrifty and industrious; and their success is astonishing.

A fellow opens a shop and hangs out a shingle announcing a certain line of business. His whole capital is cheek; all he can get is clear gain. He asks credit and is willing to pay a good price (nominally) if he can get the article he proposes to deal in on time (often a time without limit); and it is astonishing the success he will meet with.

Staid men of business are found ready to give him their goods on credit. If he buys to sell again, he sells on the most liberal terms to his customers to "start trade," and "build

up a business." All he gets in the way of cash is clear gain, for he never intends to pay for the goods he is selling at "astonishing low prices." All such "snides" injure old, reliable business houses that have to compete with them in cutting prices.

Every day, new schemes are brought out for advertising, composed of all kinds of "snide" devices, and business men are coaxed and swindled out of thousands of dollars, for which they receive not one cent of benefit. Between patent right schemes, tree-peddlers, gim-crack vendors, canvassers, for bogus publications, "New York branch houses," and an endless catalogue of similar devices, all properly classed under the general name of "snides," the wonder is that honest business is not driven to greater straits than it is. Let business men show no favors to any of these sharp fellows of pleasing address. Exact the cash and full rates on delivery of goods. Take no stock in any schemes that are presented by this class of chaps who calculate to beat a living out of the community without honestly earning it.

FARMERS TO THE FRONT.

A standing complaint among the farming class is, that it is overlaughed in all law-making bodies, from state legislatures up to congress, by men of other callings, notably by lawyers. The censure for this injustice and favoritism is cast upon that rather undesirable constituency, "the people," whoever that may constitute. "The people" are charged with an aversion to farmers, and politicians are charged with managing things in primaries and sundry real or supposed causes made in favor of other trades and professions in selecting representatives to speak and act for the public weal or woe. Lawyers are particularly singled out for the anathemas of the grumblers. This chronic grumbling and the back seats which are assigned to farmers are not without cause. Half the population is included in the agricultural class, while but a small percentage of farmers are found taking a leading part in the affairs of government.

The cause of this condition of affairs is not what the complainants attribute it to, a prejudice and unfair dealing on the part of the public and party managers, against the sons of the soil. The true cause is, that farmers neglect to qualify themselves for the position of legislators. There are honorable exceptions to this charge, but it holds good in its general application.

Whenever farmers will inform and qualify themselves as they should for positions in law-making bodies, they will find that in place of neglect they will be the first choice of their brother farmers and the general public. It is a very natural consequence that professional lawyers should show so large a percentage in all legislative bodies. Their education and every-day business tend to train them for such work. Their researches and study are all amongst and of law; their battles with each other in the forum train them in debate, argument and ready speaking. The life and habits of the farmer, on the other hand, give him no advantages whatever, except to feel and appreciate the great want of honest administration of public trusts and wise legislation. Corruption is as natural to the atmosphere of towns and cities as malaria and malarial diseases; while the fresh soil and green fields promote moral health and vigorous manhood, so much needed to give tone and direction to public affairs.

In the past, farmers have been the most abject partisans. They have constituted the infantry on which party leaders mainly depended to gain their victories. As a well-disciplined army follows its banners without faltering, they voted their ticket without question. No matter how bad the cause or the candidate might be, they seldom broke ranks or evinced any insubordination. When co-operation among farmers becomes more general than at present—and it is constantly tending in this direction—and the study of political problems in relation to their bearing on the material interests of the country, and not as party questions, is mingled with their investigations of agricultural science and methods, then the influence of the farm will begin to infuse a wholesome tone into our politics, state and national. Whenever the farmer becomes as well qualified to legislate as the exponents of other vocations, he will be chosen in preference to all others, and it is his own fault that he lags behind and is not chosen to sit in the highest places in the land and dictate the policy and laws which shall guide and govern the nation.

CAUSE OF HARD TIMES.

The people of the United States expend \$595,000,000 annually for grog or intoxicating drinks of various kinds. This is one cause of hard times. Who can name a greater? And yet the average politician and ward meeting spouter will rack their brains conjuring up every other conceivable and inconceivable cause, but never mentions this. Why? Because every saloon and drinking booth in the country is a politics factory, and the managers are leading partisans, making and unmaking legislators and congressmen, while the good people stand around looking on, occasionally saying a good word for these benefactors of the human race.

AFTER HARVEST.

The first thing in order after harvest, is for the farmer to clean up and carefully put away from exposure to the weather, all reapers, mowers, rakes and other harvest machinery and tools, so that when needed for next season's work, they will be as good as new.

Don't leave them lying about exposed to rain and sun, for that is no better than throwing the cost of them into the nearest creek.

SADDLEBAG NOTES.

NO. XXXIII.

The yield and quality of wheat in Reno county will be seriously affected this year by the excessive wet weather in June. Many fields will not be cut owing to the large amount of standing water on the ground.

The loss by "shelling out" will average at least 2 bushels per acre. The people in this county have been rather unsuccessful in raising wheat for the last two years, the average yield for 1876 being 10 bushels, and that for 1877, 14 bushels per acre.

The Header is used quite largely in this vicinity and the farmers differ in opinion as to their value. It is a fact, however, that the people of the wheat-growing regions of Kansas have too much machinery for profitable farming. It seems to me that a product of a country that required the use of so large an amount of machinery could not be made profitable to raise during a series of years.

I was well pleased with Rice county. From Sterling northward for four miles the landscape is most beautiful. Lyons the county seat is located ten miles north of Sterling. From here the country, either to the east, west or north, would be pronounced by anyone, delightful, even by an old Kansan, and I believe that in ten years this whole county within twenty-five miles of Lyons will equal the best part of Johnson or Brown counties in improvements, advantages, and productions.

The soil around Lyon is much of it red clay. In some directions from that town a small proportion of sand is mixed with the clay and in the southeast and southwest part of the county there are some sand hills.

The geographical center of the state is located in the northwestern corner of the County. Five miles west of Lyons on the farm of J. C. Stewart, Esq., I noticed a home-made wind mill (not patented) that was used for drawing water for stock. The whole cost of the mill was \$25. It was doing good work.

The population of Rice county is 6149. There are 19,240 acres planted to corn in the county, and 34,371 acres sown to wheat. All kind of crops are better than usual this year. The price of wheat at Sterling at the commencement of delivery was 30 cents per bushel, but the price has advanced since then to 50 cents for the best grade of wheat.

Rice county, like all the counties west of it, is "herd law," and like other counties where this law is in force, the residents are almost unanimously in favor of continuing it.

I came into Barton County at Ellinwood the home of M. W. Halsey, Esq. Mr. Halsey will be remembered as a frequent contributor to the FARMER. His articles always contain good common sense. I found this gentleman at home, and I was seen made to feel "at home" among his family of bright-eyed children.

Ellinwood is largely composed of Germans. They are an industrious and hardworking class of citizens.

Just west of the limits of the city is the experimental grounds of the A. T. & S. Fe. R. R. for testing fruit trees. The grounds comprise 25 acres which are fenced in. The most of the trees were set out by S. T. Kelsey in 1874. The list comprised many varieties besides the following: Honey Locust, Soft Maple, Osage Orange, Black Walnut, Catalpa, Elm, white and red, Box Elder, Cottonwood, White Pine, Cedar and Allanthus.

As tree-culture is no more an experiment, even in this far off locality, but an absolute success, the word "experimental" should be dropped, and if friend Kelsey could now, from his distant home in North Carolina see what an immense growth these trees have made since they were set, the sight would gladden his heart. Although an enthusiastic grower of trees, yet he had some doubts about the Great American Desert being suitable for raising timber.

Great Bend is a live, active, stirring business town.

The land along the Walnut Creek in Barton county is very rich for this part of the state, the crops, particularly corn, exceeded my expectation.

I might mention some very fine farms along this valley but the letter from Mr. Moss of Ill. in a late number of FARMER who didn't like to read descriptions of the farms of prosperous men, has rather taken me down and put a damper on my investigations.

And while I think of it, I might say in justification of my descriptions of "successful men's efforts, that no poor man wants you to pry into his affairs and publish it for the benefit of the world, and, to tell the truth I'm a little bit ashamed of my article in last week's FARMER, in this particular. However, I hope that the readers will see the point and not insist on my publishing poor men's affairs for they (the poor men) really wish to be let alone.

Barton county has 43,700 acres of wheat this year, and 22,940 acres of corn. The population is 8251.

I noticed on the farm of E. J. Dodge, 2 mile north of Great Bend, an apple tree that was bearing. Since then I have noticed apples on two other farms in the county. This is the first crop of apples ever raised in the county.

The county Agricultural Society of which Mr. M. W. Halsey is President are making very great efforts to hold a successful Fair

this fall. They have one commendable feature in their arrangements, viz: they do not allow any horse-racing on the days of the Fair. That's a good move in the right direction.

W. W. CONZ.

Great Bend, Kansas.

COBS.

In a note in answer to "Subscriber," I called attention, in a general way, to the corn cob nuisance. It is a fact not generally appreciated, that the farmers of Kansas have sustained ten times as much injury from corn cobs as they have from grasshoppers and drouth. I do not know just who gave currency to the idea that corn cob meal was a proper food for farm stock, but whoever he was, inflicted a great injury upon his countrymen. Probably the idea was borrowed from the Grahamites, who declared that "roughness" was essential to human health; or it may have originated when the "phosphate mania" followed the teachings of the chemist, Liebig.

But however the idea originated, it has become a nuisance. If farmers generally ground their corn, cob and all, the nuisance would be more tolerable, but they do not, and under a belief (?) that there is some nutriment in a corn cob, the lazy farmer feeds his unshelled corn to his horses and cattle, his sheep and hogs alike. No one of these animals will eat the cobs alone, unless they are actually suffering for food; and no one of them could sustain life three weeks upon a diet of cobs, ground or unground. Analysis proves what observation should teach, that is, that there is less food in a hundred bushels of ground cobs than in a pint of corn meal! Yet your slovenly farmer grinds cobs and all, either from ignorance or laziness; it is safe to say that it is generally the latter. He could easily be brought to grinding his corn for his farm stock, if he could first be brought up to the shelling point. He gathers his corn in a hurry, stores it in cribs, and feeds it to his stock in the mud! Why does he do this? No one knows, unless it be the force of habit and custom. True, he generally feeds his work horses the corn in a box, but the cattle, the sheep and the hogs have to root theirs out of the mud as best they can.

Here is one great source of loss. It is safe to say that from ten to fifteen per cent of the corn so fed is a dead loss from waste direct.

But another loss is the cobs. I believe that the cobs will pay for shelling the corn, if saved for fuel, and I know they will when they are finally utilized, for the potash they contain, as well as the heat that they can be made to yield.

Another source of loss is the cost of shelling, by the expenditure of animal force in the work. The shelling of the corn is definite work requiring the expenditure of a definite amount of force, which has to be supplied by the consumption of a definite amount of fuel. Experience has proven that coal power is cheaper than horse power, and I assert that horse power applied by the tread mill is even cheaper than when the same work is done by the consumption of muscle and fat through the agency of a cow's jaws.

But a prime element of loss, and one in my judgment exceeding all others, is that affecting the health of the animal. Cattle, after munching a full sized hard cob, globbering away the saliva, dropping nearly half of the corn that they work off in rolling the unwieldy mass between their molars, finally swallow the fragments. In ruminating, a large portion of these lumps of cob, along with the cracked corn, is thrown out upon the ground. The portion chewed and re-swallowed is again largely mixed with cob, which the poor brute is forced to swallow along with the meal it has been so long in grinding, and at so much cost. The unground corn abundantly mixed with cob fragments, passes into the stomach. There the cob fragments perform exactly the same function that would be performed by a liberal mixture of saw dust, cob meal or broken brick bats mixed into a man's hash or stirred into his soup. They are foreign bodies which nature hastens to expel with or without intestinal irritation, according to circumstances, and along with these foreign bodies is expelled a considerable portion of the undigested, unassimilated nutriment. Now common sense would dictate that if roughness is desirable, (and it is when cattle are first put on corn meal off the grass) that it should be a digestible roughness like chopped hay, or good straw chopped fine, cottonwood twigs, or any green brush; nay, cottonwood saw dust or fence boards are more tolerable than cobs. All these things are food for some animal thing in nature, but no living thing, bug, fly, beetle, gnat or worm, will eat or prey upon a dry corn cob. It is about the only piece of organized matter that I know of that is not food for some portion of the animal world.

The intelligent cattle-farmer has observed that his cattle pass a great deal of unground corn through the digestive mill, and also a great deal that has been "chewed" passes without its "strength" being gone. The intelligent farmer, therefore, gets him a herd of hogs to follow after his walking cob-crushers. He flatters himself that what corn his cattle waste his hogs will save.

Is it so?

Not a bit of it. The cattle excrement contains a part that is nutritious for the hog. It is precisely the excess of corn fed to the cattle more than they needed, that fattens the hogs, but to get it they are compelled to eat the actual waste (non-assimilable matter) of the food the cattle had. A large portion of this is the everlasting ground cob, and more

excrementaceous waste of the cattle. The hog cannot nicely separate, he must eat all or leave a large portion, and here a further waste occurs. But worse than all, this system of hog-feeding is the most prolific source of disease to the hogs. Intestinal worms, it is known, go through one stage of development in the bowels of one animal and another stage in the flesh of another. Many obscure diseases of hogs, unknown in former times, may, I think, be properly ascribed to this excrementaceous system of feeding.

At least, it can be said, with certainty that these diseases were not known, or produced trifling injury, before this system of feeding prevailed. Old residents of Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky, knew nothing of hog cholera fifty years ago, and they knew nothing of causing hogs to follow cattle. The filth and miasma of decaying cobs is one important item in our indictment against their use as food. In the manure pile they resist decay somewhat longer than the other matters, and are left upon the garden as mouldy lumps, obnoxious to fork and hoe, and friendly only to beetles that find them a convenient shelter.

Farmers should shell their corn and save the cobs in covered ricks, for kindling and summer fuel; for this they are valuable. Your cooks will bless you for cobs for summer fuel, almost as much as if you provided a summer cook stove, something that could be heated or cooled quickly, like a gasoline or coal oil stove.

C. W. J.

Atchison, Kansas.

In connection with the above, on the merits of corn cobs as food, we insert the following from the *Dirigo (Maine) Rural*:

"One hundred pounds of corn makes 64 quarts of meal; 100 pounds of ears will grind out 86 quarts of meal. Seventy-one per cent of the corn and 52 per cent of the cobs is digestible."

As we are more used to reckoning by bushels and the price or value appearing clearer, it may seem better to write that having the corn dry enough to grind, 71 pounds of ears, after being shelled and ground will average 50 pounds or one bushel of meal or 32 quarts containing nutritive or digestible matter, 35.5 pounds.

Now our eastern or round corn is much richer than the western or flat corn, and as the cobs from a bushel contain eleven pounds of digestible matter, we are actually wasting a large percentage of grain in shelling our corn before having it ground for feed.

ABOUT THE WHEAT CRAB—FARMERS TO THE FRONT!

EDITORS FARMER.—In your issue of the 3rd instant, in a brief article on the weather and its effects on the wheat crop, you are certainly in error regarding the headed wheat at least, so far as obtains in this section of the great wheat-growing region. I do not write this in defence of or in the advocacy of head-ers, but simply as a fact. So far as I have been able to ascertain, our headed wheat here, where properly stacked, is in good condition. Much better, indeed, than that which was bound at the commencement of the harvest and was exposed to the wet in the shock.

There seems to be a disposition on the part of those who stand between the farmer and the consumers of wheat, to manufacture a feeling against the quality or condition of the crop in advance.

The facts are, so far as this county is concerned, that while the yield is abundant, and there is a small per cent. of damaged grain,—the quality is excellent and will stand a fair test of gradation. Saline county, we hold, has this season a beautiful sample of wheat, the best since 1875, and if permitted to remain in the stacks until it has gone through a thorough sweat, it could be put on the market with credit. The practice here of having notes mature in September and October for machinery and merchandise, is a decided disadvantage to the farmer. At these times he is or should be engaged in preparing his ground and sowing his next crop. This requires all his time. If he could be permitted to put off his threshing until November, he would have more reasonable weather for that purpose, and his wheat would be in much better condition. It would by that time have assumed its proper or natural condition of dryness and color.

I should have said at the commencement of this letter that we do not here merely take off the heads with a header, but as a rule, cut it about 18 inches which causes it to sweat and preserve and thresh better.

Is it not a fact that the wheat regions of Russia have produced but little this season, and just as soon as the eastern imbroglio is adjusted, there will be a brisk export demand from this country?

It will not be denied that the price offered for wheat now is below the cost to produce it. And it is equally undeniable, that it cannot remain below its cost price. Its importance and necessity will prevent it. It is clear then that the farmer should hold his wheat until that time arrives. The smaller ones that must have money of course cannot. These owning large lots may be able to arrange it. Is it possible that there is no way for the farmers to accomplish collectively what they cannot affect individually? Is it unalterably decreed that the farmers have no power except numerical—that while they have the majority of the votes of the country, they are not as efficient and influential in their own interests, as a wide-awake active minority? Is it because of dissensions among themselves, or lack of knowledge, or skill and

ability to organize and move as one man? Or are party tactics and drill so fastened on them that they cannot shake it off? Or have they not sufficient brains and culture, and intellectual force among them to know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain them at all times and everywhere; at the primaries, and in the county and state conventions, and in the judicial and congressional conventions? Or is it because the majority of farmers are too poor, or too indifferent to take the time to look after their interests in this direction? Will so many of them ever more consent to be "like dumb cattle driven" by their owners, and slaughtered at the shambles of those that grow rich off of the profits? That partly, at least, should be his, by which he could improve his condition, and advance the interests of his family in knowledge and the improvement of society. Let him wrest by every legal, honorable and fair means from his extortioners, what belongs to him, and with it improve and adorn his home and instruct his children in a thorough knowledge of his business, and in all that it requires to constitute men, and of such as it has been said it takes to make a state.

If we have this capacity let our watchword be from henceforth only farmers to represent farmers in the legislatures and in the national congress.

Saline county, Kansas.

A FARMER.

EDITORS FARMER: Will you inform me what the law is (if any), in Kansas in regard to tree-growing on roadways, or street line. That is if I plant a row of elms, mazard cherries, etc., just outside the fence in the roadway, can I retain the control of them, or can any street commissioner cut them down?

E. A. PECK.

Sycamore, Ill.

There is no special law on the planting of trees on roadways in Kansas. The laws bearing on this subject, we believe, are about the same as in all the states. Every man has a right to plant trees in front of his property on road or street side; to care for them and possess the fruit, and a road commissioner or supervisor may not maliciously destroy them. Nevertheless, if the supervisor be a malicious man, he having sole control of the road, may devise a pretext for injuring or destroying the trees, and it would be difficult to reach him with the law. [EDS. FARMER.]

TO ASCERTAIN THE AGE OF CATTLE BY THE TEETH.

EDITORS FARMER: For the benefit of your many readers, will you please tell us through the columns of the FARMER, how to judge the age of cattle by their teeth or mouth. At what age do they begin to shed and how many at a time? By answering the above you will greatly oblige

G. McFADDEN.

When a month old the calf has all its "milk teeth," or temporary incisors. In from twenty to twenty-four months the two central, permanent incisors appear. They are much larger than the three temporary, or "calf teeth," which are on either side of the incisors.

At the end of three years the animal will have four large teeth in front and two small ones on either side.

At the age of four years, six permanent or large incisors are shown, with a small tooth at each corner of the jaw.

At the age of five, or between the ages of five and six, the animal has a full mouth. After that age the teeth assume forms and changes which cannot be understandingly described without an accompanying diagram.

ENQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

The very many inquiries about Kansas, by the people of other states, show that the interest in the matter is rapidly increasing. The writer respectfully offers a few suggestions bearing on the subject of questions and answers.

It is extremely difficult for a resident here to give any information that would be of much value to an enquirer who proposes coming here, unless he knows the amount of money the said enquirer intends to bring with him.

Notwithstanding we received the Diploma at the Centennial, for the best collection of forest timber, yet this state has less timber than any state in the Union, in proportion to the area of land, Nebraska excepted. There is not timber enough in Kansas to last five years, if every family burnt wood alone.

Don't ask us if we have good society here, for the best of society has been coming here from the east, west, north and south, for the last twenty-five years, until now we have the best society in the United States. Even the *bon ton* the *par excellence* and in fact the cream of the best society of the world. Fact!

In your enquiries state whether you would prefer to locate where the soil is sandy or where it is mainly composed of clay or loam, or where the land is bluffy or level. State whether you prefer soft water, hard water or mineral water, and if the latter, what shade of mineral, whether iron, sulphur, copper or lead, as we have all kinds of soil and all kinds of water, and if we know

exactly what is wanted we can be sure to suit all tastes.

Then again, the enquirer must understand that a "big yield of corn" is an indefinite expression, for, while this means 20 bushels per acre on an average in some counties, it means in other counties 40 bushels.

A few words to those who answer these enquiries: Consider first, where the man lives, for although we have some counties that could furnish enough stone to fence every quarter section in Kansas, with cross fences thrown in, yet a man from Vermont or New Hampshire would consider any of our land very free from stone.

To a man from Pennsylvania, southern New York, western Massachusetts, or northern Virginia, you could say that such counties as Morris, Riley, Chase and Wabaunsee were very level and he would not be disappointed when he came here; but it would not do to say so to a man from Illinois, Indiana or Iowa, for to their eyes the surface of these counties is very uneven.

To a man who comes from any state but Nebraska, it would not do to say we have plenty of spring water, for it would be the biggest kind of a lie.

It is a very indefinite way to say that we have good water here. I have never seen a man who would admit that there was any poor water in his immediate neighborhood; yet there is mineral water of some kind in every county through which I have passed. In writing, state what kind of mineral it is, for a man may like water with a strong taste of sulphur and not like water having a gypsum (or more properly Epsom) taste, and vice versa.

Again, don't say "our wells are not very deep," but give the depth. In some parts of the state the people do not consider that a well is deep until it is over 100 feet, while in other parts of the state a well is very deep at 40 feet.

In a general way I would suggest that an under-estimate of crops, etc., would be better than an over-estimate.

W. W. CONE.

Kinsley, Edwards Co., Kansas.

EDITORS FARMER: For the information of John Tucker and others, Ross and McFarland raised to acres of Diehl wheat, yield large and stand good, undoubtedly the best wheat in Kansas. Will thresh from 1st to 10th of August when we can supply all parties wishing seed, either with pure Diehl or Fultz wheat. Address or call on THOS. L. ROSS, Topeka, Kas.

If you have farms, lands, or city property you wish sold, leave it with Ross & McClintock before they get out their big advertisement for August:

NEW CLOTHING HOUSE.

Do not fail to visit the Golden Eagle Clothing House, No. 190 Kansas Avenue, (Benjamin's old stand) and you will surely be repaid for doing so. We keep the largest stock in the west, of Men's and Boy's Clothing, also an immense line of Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, etc., etc. We study to please our customers, do under no consideration misrepresent any goods, and warrant every article just as represented or the money refunded. Prices lower than the lowest. Do not forget the place, 190 Kansas Avenue. S. Ettlinger.

Elsewhere will be found the advertisement of J. S. Hollinger, of Pure Fultz Seed Wheat. Mr. Hollinger is a reliable man and was the first to introduce this excellent variety of wheat in Kansas. He obtained his seed direct from Mr. Fultz, and therefore knows it to be genuine.

HARDWARE.

In all its branches, iron, nails, sheet-iron, tin, and galvanized iron cornices, stoves, furnaces, and the Climax base-burner, at W. A. L. Thompson's, late of the old house of Smith & Hale.

\$150,000.00 worth of Bankrupt goods to be sold in the next sixty days regardless of cost consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, Hosiery, Gloves, Carpets, Oil Cloths and Curtains at 208 Kansas Avenue, Keith & Billingsley's old stand.

The big stories told by newspaper correspondents will not be fulfilled; they never are. It is an old and true saying that "wheat always measures more in the field than in the half-bushel."—*Lyon Co. Register*.

Seventy-two thousand Texas cattle have already passed Elm Spring, Barbour county.—*Abilene Chronicle*.

Markets.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, July 22, 1878.
GOLD—Steady at 100%.
LOANS—Borrowing rates, 1/2% per cent.
GOVERNMENTS—Firm.
RAILROAD BONDS—Firm.
STATE SECURITIES—Steady.
STOCKS—The week opened with a buoyant market for stocks, the advance in prices ranging from 1/4 to 3/4 per cent. The prospect that the railway magnates at Saratoga will arrange a new pooling scheme strengthened trunk line shares. Granger shares were very prominent in dealings, and advanced sharply. The buoyancy continued until after 2 o'clock, when,

under sales to realize, and a bearish attack upon western shares, a reaction set in, and prices fell 1/2 to 1% per cent. Granger stocks being the most conspicuous in the decline.

Kansas City Live-Stock Market.

KANSAS CITY, July 22, 1878.
Receipts of cattle fair, principally grass wintered Texas steers, native cows, and calves, and a few holding off for eastern markets. Market steady at quotations. A Chicago dispatch just received reports run 250 cars, half hogs. Cattle mostly Texans, and market on cattle same as last week. We quote:
Good native shippers 1400 to 1500, \$4 35 to \$4 60
Good to choice shippers, 1200 to 1400, \$3 75 to \$4 25
Corn-fed Texas and native butchers' steers, 800 to 1200, \$3 25 to \$3 75
Native stockers and feeders 900 to 1300, \$2 75 to \$3 40
Grass wintered Texas steers, \$2 35 to \$3 75
Bulls, stage and scalawag steers, \$2 00 to \$3 50
Choice fat butchers' cows and heifers, \$2 40 to \$3 70
Fair to good butchers' cows and heifers, \$2 00 to \$3 40
Grass wintered Texas heifers and cows, \$1 25 to \$2 25
Sales this morning: 16 native butchers' cows, averaging 800 pounds, \$3 75; 50 hogs, averaging 240 pounds, \$3 55; 88 hogs, averaging 250 pounds, \$3 55.
HOGS—Dull at \$3 45 to \$3 55.

BAKER & SNIDER.

Live-Stock Commission Merchants.

KANSAS CITY, July 22, 1878.
CATTLE—Receipts, 1,153; shipments, 731; very dull; sales, native cows, \$1 10 to \$1 20; wintered Texas cows, \$2 30; do. steers, \$2 50; Colorado steers, \$3 70 to \$3 15.
HOGS—Receipts, 976; shipments, 940; 20c lower, and active; all sales at \$3 45 to \$3 55.

Kansas City Produce Market.

KANSAS CITY, July 22, 1878.
WHEAT—Quiet; No. 2, 77c; No. 3, 76c; No. 4, 72c; rejected, 66c.
CORN—Quiet; No. 2, 38c; rejected 26c; No. 2, white mixed, 32c; rejected do., 31c.
OATS—Nominal.
RYE—Nominal.
BARLEY—Nominal.

New York Produce Market.

NEW YORK, July 22, 1878.
FLOUR—Steady and unchanged.
WHEAT—Fair demand and firm. No. 2, spring, \$1 05 to \$1 06; No. 1, 10c; No. 1, 11c; No. 1, 12c; No. 1, 13c; No. 1, 14c; No. 1, 15c; No. 1, 16c; No. 1, 17c; No. 1, 18c; No. 1, 19c; No. 1, 20c; No. 1, 21c; No. 1, 22c; No. 1, 23c; No. 1, 24c; No. 1, 25c; No. 1, 26c; No. 1, 27c; No. 1, 28c; No. 1, 29c; No. 1, 30c; No. 1, 31c; No. 1, 32c; No. 1, 33c; No. 1, 34c; No. 1, 35c; No. 1, 36c; No. 1, 37c; No. 1, 38c; No. 1, 39c; No. 1, 40c; No. 1, 41c; No. 1, 42c; No. 1, 43c; No. 1, 44c; No. 1, 45c; No. 1, 46c; No. 1, 47c; No. 1, 48c; No. 1, 49c; No. 1, 50c; No. 1, 51c; No. 1, 52c; No. 1, 53c; No. 1, 54c; No. 1, 55c; No. 1, 56c; No. 1, 57c; No. 1, 58c; No. 1, 59c; No. 1, 60c; No. 1, 61c; No. 1, 62c; No. 1, 63c; No. 1, 64c; No. 1, 65c; No. 1, 66c; No. 1, 67c; No. 1, 68c; No. 1, 69c; No. 1, 70c; No. 1, 71c; No. 1, 72c; No. 1, 73c; No. 1, 74c; No. 1, 75c; No. 1, 76c; No. 1, 77c; No. 1, 78c; No. 1, 79c; No. 1, 80c; No. 1, 81c; No. 1, 82c; No. 1, 83c; No. 1, 84c; No. 1, 85c; No. 1, 86c; No. 1, 87c; No. 1, 88c; No. 1, 89c; No. 1, 90c; 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Literary and Domestic.

EDITED BY MRS. M. W. HUDSON.

Good, to forgive;
Bad, to forget;
Living, we fret;
Dying, we live.
Fetters and free,
Soul, clay thy prison!
Earth have dominion,
Body, o'er thee!

Wander at will,
Day after day—
Wander away,
Wandering still—
Soul thou canst soar!
Body may slumber;
Body shall number
Soul-flight no more.
Wart of soul's wing!
What lies above?
Sunshine and Love,
Sky-blue and Spring!
Body hides—where?
Fennel of all feather,
Mosses and heather,
Yours be the care!
—Drowning.

A SONG FOR A SIGH.

BY SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

The little bird sang in his sleep, he said:
From his golden cage he warbled low,
With golden wing above golden head,
As the clock ticked to and fro.
So sings the heart when a dream beguiles
Its thought from the cage below;
And care departs and the dreamer smiles,
And the clock ticks to and fro.
—Sunday Afternoon, for July.

THE PLEASANT PAST.

O, for the sunny afternoons
When the roses were in bloom,
When the birds began their evening song,
And the win' was soft and low.
When my heart's delight, in the mellowing
light,
Would trip w' me to the green,
Rehearsing o'er some bliss in store,
Or the joyous days we'd seen.
E'en the winter nights had their warm
delights
Though the snows were drifting deep;
For the din and shout of the storm without
But made us the closer creep.
Hold fast, hold fast, to the pleasant past,
Its sweet and its sunny hours;
The seeds that we sow may never, never
grow,
But the crop o' the past is ours.

THE YEARS.

BY MISS MULOCK.

Why do we heap huge mounds of years
Before us and behind,
And scorn the little days that pass
Like angels on the wind?
Each, turning round a small sweet face,
As beautiful as near—
Because it is so small a face
We will not see it clear.
And so it turns from us and goes
Away in sad disdain;
Though we would give our lives for it,
It never comes again.

AN ADVENTURE IN A FOREST: OR DICK-
ENS'S MAYPOLE INN.

I was sitting with an American lady and her husband in one of the cool parlors of "Bothams," at Salt Hill, that fine old inn, which has had its day (in the great coaching era, when seventy-five coaches a day used to change horses at, or at least pass by it), but which still maintains its dignity. In "the King's Room," on the first floor, the allied monarchs and old Blucher once dined together, and every year old King George and jolly King William had been wont at "Montem" time to visit the hospitable place, while the air rang with boyish shouts, and the full-fledged garden in front was gay with Greek and Albanian, with Turk and spanglard, with duodecimo admiral and post-captain; for in such fancy garments it was customary for the Eton boys to dress who came with their embroidered bags to hold the "cash."
The old-world legends of the place, and, above all, the literary air, blown across from Stoke Pogis (Gray's burial-place), not two miles away, delighted me, and I was having "a good time" at Bothams', and, naturally enough, perhaps, we began talking about old English inns.

"Now the inn of all others I should like to see," said the lady, "is the old Maypole Inn at Chigwell, drawn by Cattermole so beautifully in Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge*."

I did not know where Chigwell was, but I gallantly said, "And you shall see it."

There is nothing astonishing English people (and I hope shames some of them) in their companionship with their American cousins so much as the interest which the latter take in all things literary, and especially in the English classics. I will venture to say that the average educated American—and there are few who are not at all events, well read in our common tongue—knows better than his English cousin where our great men are buried or have been born, where they wrote their more celebrated works, and what localities they have immortalized. This wish to visit Dickens's Maypole, for example, though every way pleasant and natural, was what had never occurred to myself though I know my Dickens as well as most men, and love him more than most. But as to Chigwell, I had forgotten that the scene of the rioters' visit to the inn was laid there, and I only vaguely knew that it was somewhere in Epping Forest.

Nay, I only knew Epping Forest—which is on the extreme east of London, and rarely visited save by the wild East Enders on their Sundays' "outings"—in connection with some bill in parliament respecting its preservation. To my American friends, just fresh from the Windsor glades, it suggested vast ancestral trees and herds of deer, and though I had my doubts of any thing quite so noble as that I partly shared their expectations. At all events there would be the inn, more antique now than even when the great novelist described it, with its huge porch and carved oak parlors, and graceful associations such as cling around the picturesque abodes of old.

And there would be, methought, if not a venison pasty and black-jack of ale, still some good honest fare, and honest liquor in which to drink the memory of him who drew the raven and his master, and sent down Cattermole, R. A., to draw the Maypole Inn.

It is astonishing, indeed, how quickly have fallen to Dickens's lot that tender reverence and sympathy among his countrymen—and I add, at least as much among his transatlantic cousins—which ordinarily takes many years, and even generations, to grow about a dead writer. A small and "highly cultured" clique, indeed, there still is who contend that posterity will pronounce a different ver-

dict; but considering that their contempt for everything about them—people, places, and things—is so overwhelming, and that the Present has almost no value with them when compared with the Past, it seems to me, by analogy, that the Future and the opinions of our descendants should in their eyes, by analogy, have no value at all. Therefore in weighing the literary merits of an author we need not disturb ourselves about it. In the mean time it is certain that no writer has been so successful in making his works part and parcel of the language of his country, I do not say in so short a time, but even without that restriction. Dickens is more quoted by other writers, even by those who affect to depreciate him, than any author. The very sayings of his characters, as well as his characters themselves, have already, indeed, become "household words," and with respect to his humor, there is an especial and very melancholy reason why we prize it and yet use it so familiarly: with Dickens all real fun has died. We have still, and partly thanks to him, writers who have command of pathos, and who exhibit genuine sympathy with the lot of the Many, but with him all our high spirits seem to have died out. His loss has really done what that of Garrick was by a hyperbole described to have done: it has "eclipsed the gayety of nations." We have no one else who can tickle our heart-strings with a Micawber or a Sam Weller, and therefore we cling to those immortal conceptions, and are interested by even the scenes in which the Great Master placed them to play their parts.

In this respect the localities of *Barnaby Rudge*, including the famous Maypole, have a double attraction, since a historical as well as a literary interest attaches to them. It was Dickens's first attempt, and a most successful one, at the historical novel. It is of necessity, therefore, in some respects less like himself, and in consequence has failed to secure the suffrages of "the clique" I have spoken of less than any of his others. They are so good as to state that it is the first book in which Dickens exhibited any power of drawing a gentleman—in the person, I suppose, of Mr. Harewood, though it may possibly be that Sir John Chester has been identified by them with that type of character.

It was for far better reasons, you may surmise, however, that my American friends admired *Barnaby Rudge*, and were anxious to visit the famous inn—itsself so picturesque a fragment of the old times—where old John Willott was tried and bound by the mad London mob, and where his noble son abode, whom she who has given her name of late to so many a fashionable garb clings to so faithfully, and about which still hang the echoes of that dread alarm-bell which, though it gave but a single knell, still speaks for murder done.

Of course all the arrangements for visiting the Maypole—an excursion which was, of course, to include the deer forest of Epping—devolved on me, the Britisher, and, to begin with, I am ashamed to say I had to consult *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* as to how we were to get there.

The East End of London is literally a terra incognita to us West Enders, and even our starting-point was much too distant to be reached by cab or carriage. An extension of the Metropolitan (Under-ground) railway, however, seemed to promise to take us to the required station, and by it, on the day appointed, we started accordingly. It landed us somewhere in the city, and from there we were directed by an official to Livingstone street station—only just across the way—where tickets could be procured to Epping. And here it was that our difficulties in search of the desired shrine began.

The booking-clerk at Liverpool street station, when I said, "Three for Epping," replied, "For Epping?" doubtfully, and then consulted a little ledger. "Well, you see, you can go to Epping by this line of rail, but it isn't usual."

I did not wish, of course, to induce my American friends to do anything more unusual than what they had in hand (for nobody that I could discover among all my circle of acquaintances, which is large, had ever tried the expedition on which we were bound), and accordingly went back to the Metropolitan line to be directed on our way afresh. But, like the little damsel in the poem of "We Are Seven," the officials stuck to their text—the Liverpool street station was the station for Epping, and, to their knowledge, a thousand people had gone that way "a-foresting" only that very morning. This latter piece of intelligence was not pleasing to me (though I did not breathe it to my friends), for a thousand foresters were likely to exercise a disturbing influence in a comparatively limited locality, and if any of them, by unhappy chance, should have a literary taste, they might have already seized and occupied the best—that is, the most picturesque—apartments that the Maypole had to offer. Upon our second application, the clerk gave us tickets to Epping, though, as it were, under protest, and giving us notice that we should have to change at Bethnal Green—the dimmest, ugliest, and most abject portion of London, and wholly unconnected with literature, except by an ancient ballad, "The Beggar of Bethnal Green," a specimen of early English poetry, singular to say, comparatively unknown in the United States.

If a thousand "foresters" had preceded us on our road, a good many, it seemed, were still left to accompany us, whose lips even at that comparatively early hour, had made acquaintance with the flagon. They were not, I concluded from their style of conversation, persons who affected literature, and were in consequence likely to visit the Maypole; indeed, we found the seclusion afforded by our first-class compartment highly acceptable.

At Bethnal Green, and for many stations afterward, our view was bounded by walls and roofs, but as we emerged from the great wilderness of brick and mortar, the pleasant fields of Essex began to appear as heralds of the fairer scenes beyond.

We were the only people, as it seemed to me, who patronized the first-class at all, which perhaps accounted for the guard in his turn (doubtless with the idea of a "tip" in his head) patronizing us.

"For the Forest, I suppose, gentlemen?" said he, putting his head into our open window as we drew near our destination.

"Yes," said I; "for Epping."

"Oh, but Epping ain't the Forest, sir; very true it is called Epping, and you can get to it from Epping."

"How very extraordinary!" observed my

American lady; "that is the very same thing the booking-clerk said!"

I had no explanation to offer of this eccentric behavior of my countrymen, so I confined myself to asking which station would be more convenient for us to alight at, since Epping was not the place for Epping.

"Well, you had better try Loughton, sir." I don't like the idea of "trying Loughton," as though the notion of finding the forest at all (let alone our way in it) was doubtful; but of course I assented. However, before this experiment could be made, the guard's elbow appeared at the window again, with, "What part of the Forest, now, may you be in search of, ma'am?"

He had observed by this time that the lady was our guiding star, as indeed she was (and deserved to be), and henceforth addressed himself exclusively to her.

"Well, we wish to go to the Maypole," said she, sweetly.

"The Maypole? Ah, the Maypole Inn, that would be," answered he, as though we might possibly have come to dance about the pole itself. "Ah, then, Loughton wouldn't be the place; you had best get out at Woodford."

It was all the same to us; so we got out at Woodford, where the obliging guard informed us a conveyance could be procured. Such a vehicle as it was, too! I am sure the honest blacksmith's cart, in which he drove to Chigwell and met the murderer on the way at night, would have been a far more comfortable conveyance. The driver, however, professed to know the forest well—"Ay, as well as any man alive," he said—so we felt at least that we should not be lost in its deep and dusky labyrinth; and also, of course, he knew the Maypole. "It's a longish step from here, however, and it's not the highest inn, by no means, you know."

We hastened to say that we were not going to the Maypole on account of its convenience of access, but for the sake of the inn itself.

"Well, but it ain't the best inn, neither," insisted he. "The folks is roughish as has got it just now, and they're about to leave, too, which makes 'em worse. I reckon you'd be happier like, especially with the lady, at the Druid's Head."

I confess this information a little staggered me, but "the lady," being of opinion that a spice of personal danger would make the expedition more agreeable than otherwise, as giving us, perhaps, some experience of outlaw life in the merry green-wood, was by no means disturbed by it. Her husband, who was not so devoted to literature as to be oblivious of practical matters, inquired whether we could dine at the Maypole.

"Oh yes, you can dine," was the reply, delivered with what I thought unnecessary emphasis.

"Well, you see, my good man, we don't want to sleep there," said I, cheerfully.

He nodded, and I could not help confessing to myself that there was that in his nod which seemed to say, "And very lucky for you."

"Now, there's the Druid's Head," said he, as passing through a quaint, old-fashioned village, he pointed out a very modest house of entertainment. But we took small notice of his remark, since, as it happened, my lady friend had just produced a copy of the first edition of *Barnaby Rudge* (which she had brought with her to refresh her memory), and was calling our attention to the frontispiece, by Cattermole, illustrative of the Maypole itself.

Within a mile or so, as we had been informed, we should come in sight of that fine old hostelry, the picturesque of which would, doubtless, by the hand of intervening time, be increased rather than otherwise since the great painter drew it. The idea filled us all three with great excitement, and, thanks to the eager Epping air, we were also looking forward to dinner. We already pictured ourselves in a vast apartment of carved oak, or one, perhaps, hung with moth-eaten tapestry, on one side the huge fire-place, with its old-fashioned "dogs," on the other the millioned window (not that all of us quite knew what millioned was), with its diamond panes, against which the playful creepers tapped. We saw the portly host respectfully bearing in the lordly sirloin and placing it on the groaning board; we saw—but here the driver pulled up short in the dusty road, and pointing with his whip across the hedge, exclaimed, "That there's the Maypole."

Our eyes searched the leafy distance for the gabled ends, the twisted chimneys, the lichen-covered antique roof of old John Willott's dwelling. Our literary lady placed her hand upon her heart, as though to restrain its pulsations. The moment was supreme.

"I guess I don't see it now," observed her husband.

"It's plain enough, anyways," said the driver.

And it certainly was—very plain. Close to us, just on the other side of the hedge, was the ugliest, commonest, newest, whitewashed railway beer-house—for it was so small that it could not be called an inn at all—I ever beheld. A door in the middle; a window on each side, and two above them; in the front, a strip of ragged turf; behind, a yard. Not a tree sheltered it. The summer sun beat down upon its unpurched front, and displayed all its deformity in hideous detail. Out of the lower windows leaned various heads, surmounted by fur caps and crumpled "wide-awakes," the proprietors of which surveyed us in bucolic wonder.

"I do really believe that this is the Maypole," said I despairingly.

"It can't, can't be," said my lady friend. Her tone suggested a solemn remonstrance addressed to the government of the universe; things could never have come to such a pass, it seemed to convey, under a beneficent scheme of creation. "You don't mean that this is Dickens's man," continued she, addressing the driver in a conciliatory tone—"the inn of *Barnaby Rudge*?"

He took off his hat and scratched his head, which seemed to afford him little relief; he was evidently at a nonplus, "Well,

ma'am, the fact is, this here inn, though it ain't a-been built more than these four years, is always changing hands. A Rudge I believe, did have it; but he was Bill Rudge and not Barnaby. As to the other landlord's name as you mentioned, I never heard on it."

"This is shocking," said the lady, looking at me. "The ignorance of your fellow-countrymen—"

"It's not in nature," ma'am," interrupted the man, stung by this observation, "that I should remember all them landlord's names many on 'em having been here but a month or two, and the rent not paid by the half of them even for that time. And as to the accommodation, did I not tell you that you would ha' been better served at the Druid's Head?"

"Is there no other Maypole, my good man?" inquired I, with the calmness of despair.

"Well, I've lived hereabout, man and boy, these fifty years, and I never heard of one."

I looked at my transatlantic guests and they looked at me, and then we all three burst out laughing. To have come so far, and with such changings and inconvenience and so very comfortably, in order to arrive at this ridiculous pot-house, struck us all three in so humorous a light that we fairly roared with laughter. The dreadful people in the Maypole parlors waved their beer mugs at us and laughed also, in an idiotic fashion. The driver thought we were laughing at him, and in sulky tones inquired where we would please to be driven to now.

"Oh," I said, "since there is no Maypole, at least let us see the forest. Drive into the forest."

"This is the Forest," answered he, waving his whip about in a vague manner. All about us were fields and lanes, a cow or two, and a dog asleep, a hen and chickens in the white road, and a horse-trough.

"Good heavens!" cried I, "are you making game of us? Where are the deer, the trees, the boundless contiguity of shade?"

"I never heard of no deer, except the one as they brings down in a cart to 'unt o' Easter-Monday. There's trees enuff, aren't there? I dunno what you wants, not I."

The man was evidently getting very angry, and the more so since my American friends, who were fortunately very good-natured, and had a keen sense of humor, had by this time become speechless with mirth. That there should be not only no Maypole at Chigwell, but also no forest at Epping, was something too exquisitely ludicrous.

"I insist," said I, "upon being shown a forest. You are deceiving us, driver. I have known a gentleman who speaks in the highest terms of Epping Forest and the view from his hill."

"Ah, you must mean 'Igh Beech,' said he.

"Very likely. Then drive us to High Beech."

"Well, it's nigh upon seven miles away."

"I don't care if it's seventy," cried I, indignantly. "Drive on."

I felt that my country would be disgraced in the eyes of my transatlantic friends if that forest was not discovered. And after an interminable drive we arrive at High Beech. This was a cluster of trees upon a high hill, and really commanded a splendid view; but the fact is, I, for my part, was by that time too hungry to appreciate views. There is a metaphorical phrase commonly applied to children who help themselves to more than they can eat—"Your eye is bigger than your stomach;" and the reverse of that expression was now applicable to our little party. Our eye, even if it could have rested upon Cattermole's Maypole (which I don't believe ever existed), would have been no longer satisfied; another organ required sustenance, and cried, "Dinner."

"Is there any decent inn near here, man, where we can dine?" demanded I.

"Well, there's the Druid's Head and the Maypole—"

"I said near here," I interrupted, fiercely; "and never let me hear the names of those two hateful inns again."

"Well, wot do'ee say to the Stars and Stripes?"

"Come," said I, cheerfully, "here is a compliment to the American flag. Has it a garden, my man? and is it clean and comfortable?"

"I've a garden," rejoined the driver, cautiously; and on he drove.

I will not harrow the gentle reader's heart by describing that inn. It was larger than the Maypole, but, if possible, uglier, and it was full of those gentry whom we had been warned had preceded us "out a-foresting."

Nearly the whole thousand must have been at that inn. Over what we ate and how we ate it I draw a discreet veil, and also over the return journey. The getting back to the East End of London was even worse. Once, after actually arriving there, we found ourselves in a strange railway station, which, it seems, was the direct one for Epping, and we got very nearly taken back there, the bare idea of which was more ridiculous to us than can be described.

If we didn't absolutely enjoy that day of failures, I am quite sure that no three people ever laughed more within the space of twelve hours. Some people are said "never to move a muscle" when they indulge in laughing, and I wish that had been my case, for I strained a muscle in my back during an aggravated fit of it. Once at home I was fortunately enabled to offer my friends a decent meal, and we were very glad to get it. But supper never agrees with me. I had a dreadful dream that night, in which Mrs. Grumps appeared to me. She was driving me in a one-horse chaise, and held her famous umbrella in her hand in place of a whip.

"Where, madam," inquired I, respectfully, "is the Maypole Inn?"

She pulled up and looked me steadily and severely in the face, just as on a certain memorable occasion she once confronted Betsey Prig.

"Young man," said she, "I don't believe as there is any such place."

And, upon my honor, I agree with her. The reflection made by my lady friend upon this wonderful adventure was,

thought, very characteristic of her sex: "I wonder what that guard could have thought of us, who imagined us to be really bound for the Maypole as it really is!"

RECIPES FROM A FARMER'S WIFE.

MRS. HUDSON: I find nothing from the farmers' wives, recently, and I thought I would send a few recipes that have proved a success (to us, at least), and then when one comes to Kansas, they have to do the best they can for the first few years.

I liked what Mrs. Bucknell wrote in last week's paper. She wants to know "whose work the milking ought to be, man's or woman's?" I think it ought to be man's, but if he is hard at work with but little or no help, then I think it is the wife's or daughter can help it is their duty to do so. I wish I could take a look at her flower garden, for I am a great lover of flowers and I have not got any yet, as we are new settlers here, but I will try next year. I think Kansas just lovely, with the prairies all dotted over with wild flowers.

TO PICKLE CORN.—Cut the corn off the cob, and to every six quarts of corn, put one quart of salt, put a heavy weight on, sufficient to cover the corn, use no water; I put it in large jars. Freshen when wanted.

TO PICKLE BEANS.—String the beans ready for use, and makera strong brine to cover them, and weight them. Put away in a cool place and freshen when wanted.

TO CAN CORN.—To every six quarts of corn take one oz. of tartaric acid, boil twenty minutes and can as other fruit; when used add one tablespoonful of soda to one quart of corn. These recipes are good to keep corn and beans for winter use. Cook the same as when green.

To keep tomatoes for winter use, dissolve one teaspoonful of salt in one gallon of water. Pick ripe tomatoes, not too ripe, leave a little of the stem on. They must be covered with the brine, and they will keep till spring. Sliced and served with sugar and vinegar they are as nice as if fresh from the vines. I hope to hear from some of the farmers' wives soon.

MRS. V. A. BATTEN.

Spearville, Ford Co., Kansas.

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS.

SODA FOR BURNS.—Common baking soda—the bicarbonate—has been found to cure burns or scalds, affording immediate relief when it is promptly applied. For a dry burn, the soda should be made into paste with water. For a scald or wet burned surface, the powdered soda (or borax will do as well) should be dusted on.

HOW TO MAKE WATER COLD.—The following is a simple mode of rendering water almost as cold as ice, without the use of ice. Let the jar, pitcher, or vessel used for water be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton kept constantly wet. The evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside, and reduce it to a freezing point. In India and other tropical regions where ice cannot be produced, this method of proceeding is common.

CURE FOR SUNSTROKE OR APOPLEXY.—A New York physician says: I believe sunstroke and apoplexy can be cured almost surely, if taken in any kind of time.

1. Rub powerfully on the back, head and neck, making horizontal and downward movements. This draws blood from the front brain, and vitalizes the involuntary nerves.

2. While rubbing, call for cold water immediately, which apply to the face and to the hair on the top and sides of the head.

3. Call for a bucketful of water as hot as can be borne, and pour it by dipperfuls on the back, head and neck for several minutes. The effect will be wonderful for vitalizing the medulla oblongata; it vitalizes the whole body, and the patient will generally start up into full conscious life in a very short time.

BARLEY WATER FOR THE SICK.—This is a very valuable article of diet for the sick, and is especially serviceable in cases of indigestion or intestinal disturbances in children. Children who are fed upon cows' milk will do much better if a considerable portion of barley-water is added to their food. It is not only a complete substitute for lime-water, but is in all respects far preferable, since it can do no harm as a chemical agent, and has considerable nutritive value. It should be made as follows:—Boil two tablespoonfuls of best pearl barley in a quart of water for two hours, and strain through a fine cloth.

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HOW TO POST A STRAY.

BY AN ACT of the Legislature, approved Feb. 27, 1866, section 1, when the appraised value of a stray or strays exceeds ten dollars, the County Clerk is required, within ten days after receiving a certified description and appraisal, to "forward by mail, notice containing a complete description of said strays, the day at which they were taken up, their appraised value, and the name and residence of the taker up, to THE KANSAS FARMER, together with the sum of fifty cents for each animal contained in said notice."

THE STRAY LIST.

Strays For Week Ending July 24, 1878.

Atchison County—Chas. H. Krebs, Clerk.

HORSE—Taken up by T. N. Johnson, Walnut Tp., (Atchison P. O.) June 8, 1878, one black horse, right hind and left fore foot white, little white on forehead and one of nose, about 14½ hands high, 10 years old. Valued at \$25.

Cherokee County—C. A. Saunders, Clerk.

HORSE—Taken up by Wm. P. Jennings, Lolo Tp., June 12, 1878, one bright bay horse about 15 hands high. Appraised at \$25.

Crawford County—A. S. Johnson, Clerk.

MARE—Taken up by Samuel C. Nelson, Baker Tp., June 12, 1878, one bay mare about 10 years old, collar marks, 15 hands high. Valued at \$20.

HORSE—Also, one dark bay horse, white hind feet and saddle marks, 8 years old, 14½ hands high. Valued at \$25.

MARE—Taken up by Thomas Foster, Crawford Tp., May 22, 1878, one dun mare about four years old.

Jackson County—J. G. Porterfield, Clerk.

MARE—Taken up by Martin Skelly, Washington Tp., May 11, 1878, one bay pony mare, white spot in face, collar and saddle marks, branded H P on left shoulder. Valued at \$15.

Marshall County—G. M. Lewis, County Clerk.

MULE—Taken up by C. Cogshall, Noble Tp., June 25, 1878, one brown mule 6 years old, 14 hands high, hoofs on fore feet crooked.

MARE—Taken up by J. W. Sharrard, Waterville Tp., July 8, 1878, 2 bay mares about 8 years old, one with hind foot white, the other has a little white on one hind foot. Cash value \$20.

COW—Taken up by W. B. Millett, in Guntard Tp., June 26, 1878, one red and white spotted cow 6 years old, branded D K on right hip. Cash value \$10.

Morris County—A. Moser, Jr., County Clerk.

COW—Taken up by Frank Munnell, Elm Creek Tp., April 20, 1878, one light bay two-year-old mare colt, white star in forehead, hind feet white. Valued at \$15.

Shawnee County—J. Lee Knight, Clerk.

PONY—Taken up by L. T. Yount, Dover Tp., June 28, 1878, one bay mare pony, about 14½ hands high, white face, one glass eye, collar and saddle marks, supposed to be 10 years old, has sucking colt by her supposed to be 1 year old. Appraised at \$20.

Wilson County—G. McFadden, Clerk.

MARE—Taken up by Wm. Knaus, Clifton Tp., June 15, 1878, one dark brown pony mare 14 hands high, star in forehead, collar and headstall of halter, 4 yrs old, no marks. Valued at \$25.

Woodson County—L. N. Holloway, Clerk.

MARE—Taken up by Manassah Camp, Toronto Tp., March 28, 1878, one bay mare, blaze face, both hind feet white up to knees, white spot on back, with foal, 15 years old. Valued at \$15.

Grand Haven, Osage Co., Kansas. Strayed from the subscriber about the last of March, 1878, one sorrel two year old filly, good size, in good flesh, and snug built, has a crooked white spot in face, white feet on right side. Also a little later in the season one chestnut colored filly, two years old, of medium size rather long bodied, small white spot in face, and two bay yearlings, one horse colt with no white on it, one mare with white in face, and both branded with C on side of neck, mane may cover it. Also left on the 17th of June one large longlegged two year old bay horse colt with small white spot in face, was seen next day with Col Ritchie's herd. The above reward will be given for the recovery of said colts, or proportionally for any of them. Live five miles above Auburn on the Wakarusa. J. Q. COWEE.

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WHAT HE KNEW ABOUT FARMING.

I had an engagement, not long ago, to meet a friend at the Battery. I was on hand half an hour too soon, having been by a clock which was considerably fast. Not knowing a better way to pass the time until my friend should arrive, I sat down on one of the settees, threw my head back, inhaled the briny breezes, and was enjoying a sort of dolce far niente circus generally, when a stranger walked up and took a seat beside me.

He wore a soft hat and a pleasant smile, together with the usual habiliments.

His coat was buttoned up to his neck in a manner indicating the fact that he was either suffering from bronchitis or had no shirt on.

He had a sort of Yellow Jack look about him, and I thought it advisable to get out of his way. Before I could do this he said,

"Lovely weather, eh?"

"Yes, rather," I replied indifferently.

"Oh, what weather this is for farming!"

"I know nothing whatever of farming!"

"Oh, you don't, eh?" he murmured with a triumphant smile; "well you can bet your life I understand it from beginning to end. Yes, I used to be the boss on farming. Why, I used to get up ideas that almost set the world deranged."

"There was something so marvellous about the man's manner of making simple statements that (although he looked as though he might have the yellow fever in his clothes, as I remarked before,) I determined to risk my life to hear his story."

"You see," he went on, "when I was quite young there was considerable rivalry in the milk business around the place where I was brought up, and as there was quite a crowd of rich city people spending the summer in the neighborhood, there was a good chance to make money on cow juice."

"Somehow or other there was a report circulated that all the milk and butter purchased in the place was strongly flavored with wild onions. Says I, I'll make a mark now; so I put my little idea into execution. I was successful, you bet, and nobody could understand what kind of milk I was giving them."

"You see I fed the cows on violets, oleanders, mignonette, etc., in order to get the fragrance of those flowers into the milk and butter, and, you bet, I got all sorts of puffs, 'ads,' encomiums, etc., till I couldn't rest. I made money, too."

"You just ought to have tasted one of those milk punches—you talk about your boss elixirs. Whoo, Jimmy!"

Seeing that he was completely carried away with himself, I assured him that I believed every word he said, (which was a lie), and I should be only too happy to listen to any other reminiscences he might have to relate.

"This refreshed him so much that he completely forgot the cows, and branched off as follows:

"I once thought that I could make an independent fortune if I could only get up a little racket to raise fresh vegetables of all kinds in midwinter. I knew that rich people would pay big prices for anything of the kind, so I set to work in good earnest to ascertain if I could bring my hopes into blossom."

"His metaphor was amusing.

"You see, I selected a good-sized patch behind the house, and about two feet beneath the surface I laid large iron pipes about a foot apart. A short distance away I had a huge furnace built, and hired a fireman to keep it in full blast all the time."

"The steam from this furnace passed through the pipes and produced the necessary amount of heat to counteract the effects of the cold; and the beauty of the thing was that it made the things grow quick. You could see the seeds burst like percussion caps."

"Why, I used to raise several crops in one winter. As soon as I'd get the thing going the maple trees would commence to give syrup, and buds would burst all around. I tell you I just made things howl, and don't you forget it!"

"For the purpose of seeing how far he would carry the thing, I interrupted him by saying:

"You said the vegetables developed very rapidly."

"Rapidly!" he responded with a contemptuous chuckle; "well, I think they did; why, the carrots and turnips grew so fast under the influence of that steam, that after they made their appearance above the ground I used to be compelled to lay planks with weights on them over the rows to keep them from jumping into the air."

"Remarkable!"

"One day," he continued, without noticing my interruption, "my grandmother went out to take a look at things, and through her clumsiness she kicked a plank off the last turnip in the row, and before she knew what was the matter, it flew up and almost knocked the brains out of her."

"I thought it about time to get away from this amateur Ananias, but he anticipated me, and said:

"Those were only boyish frivolities; just wait till I tell you about the time when I grafted wings into pigs and had them flying around the house like pigeons!"

"W-h-a-t!" I shouted, totally overcome by his utter serenity of countenance, for he appeared to be in dead earnest.

"Never mind, then," he went on, "I'll leave the pigs until the last, and tell you how I found perpetual motion. You see, old Dobbin died, and we didn't know what to do, because we were greatly in need of horseflesh to drag stone. We were completely puzzled at first, but I soon fixed things."

"I got a piece of loadstone heavier than the wagon and fixed it on the pole; then I screwed a huge bar of steel on the axle-tree. I no more than did this than the loadstone commenced to draw, and as it was heavier than the wagon, and the steel wouldn't give, of course it hauled it right along."

"The day I tried the experiment the wagon was empty with the exception of myself. It increased in speed every moment, and went so fast that I was afraid to jump off. Finally it attained such velocity that I couldn't see the trees. I don't know how far I went, or how many persons I ran over, but after I had been traveling about five minutes the old thing ran into a stone church and almost killed me. At this moment my friend arrived, and I left the agriculturist. He seemed disconsolate as I bade him adieu; but I felt happy at being delivered from the ordeal of listening to the pig story which he promised to tell, and only regretted that when he collided with the stone church he was not summarily mangled beyond repair."

PARAGRAPHS.

What we need is a postal savings system, and the next congress should be compelled to adopt it. This will do away with all reasonable pretence of the existence of life insurance companies, and it will further do away with savings banks—two things that are certainly very desirable.—*Western Rural*.

A friend informs us that he has found fine corn meal and plaster of paris mixed—one-third of the latter—the best and the safest thing in the world to kill rats. He says that, as the plaster is tasteless, the rodents eat it along with the meal, and afterwards it absorbs the juices of the stomach and causes death.

Mention is made in a late report of the Western New York Horticultural Society, of a man who planted quinces, which grew well but never bore. Resolved that they should no longer cumber the ground, he poured around them brine from old pork barrels, with intent to kill. He builded better than he knew. The next season the trees were so loaded with fruit that the overburdened branches had to be propped up.

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